

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

JULY
15¢



NOW! See Real Life Photographs of BACHELOR'S CHILDREN

A NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

RIGHT HORIZON — Romantic Story of a Girl's Gamble for Love

Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by charming brides!

HAVE YOU ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning . . . not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



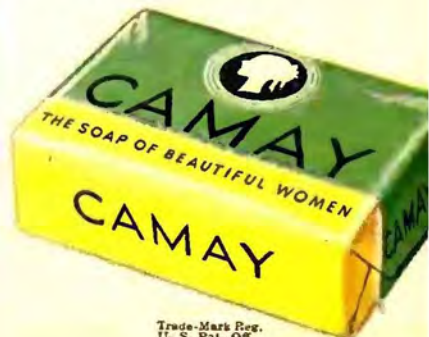
Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen, of Evanston, Ill., says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion!"



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"All that . . . and You, Darling . . ."

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it—and came back.

Through the wam dark she could see her name glowing in lights . . . a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown" . . . and parting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, "Sure, she may have talent . . . but she's got something else, too!" he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible. And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it.* Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong . . . that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard?

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

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TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE
[worn internally]



PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and "the girls at the office."

You need no belts, pins or pads. Also you need no sanitary deodorants, as no odor forms with *Tampax*. This dainty device consists of *pure, surgical cotton* compressed and sealed in one-time-use applicator. It is so perfected that the wearer actually cannot feel the *Tampax*. She can dance, play games, swim . . . use the shower . . . with amazing freedom. *Tampax* is so compact that disposal is naturally easy.

Regular, Super, Junior are the three sizes to meet all needs. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) At drug stores, notion counters. Trial box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month. Start now! *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

467,000,000
TAMPAX
MADE AND SOLD



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



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MRS. MURGATROYD'S

Dime

It could be your dime too! Can you read this without resolving that next time it will be?

I'M nobody you'd remember. You've seen me and them like me all over the place, but never noticed us particularly, I bet. I'm a dime. But no ordinary dime—see? Most dimes don't rate much respect around. Good for a tip or a cup o' coffee and sinkers. Or a shoeshine. Or they're the thin dimes a lot of people ain't worth. Not me. I'm kind of a special dime.

What's my name? Well, my official moniker is E Pluribus Unum. But that's not what I call myself. I'm Mrs. Murgatroyd's dime. Who's Mrs. Murgatroyd? Say, don't rush me, don't rush me. I'll keep talking.

When I first got out of the Mint, I was just a kid. Y'know, shiny and new, ready for anything? I'm all excited the day I first enter civilian life—and so, bang! just like that I'm dropped in a kid's piggy bank. I stay there six months. Nearly went stir-crazy. Then one night the kid's old man breaks open the bank and goes on a spree. I bought a mug of beer on Third Avenue. After that, everything gets a little hazy, I moved so fast. I was on a bus—I bought a can of beans for a housewife, I took a fellow to an early-bird matinee. Yep, I even got religion. I dropped into a collection basket—by a millionaire. Gee, I was glad he let go of me, too. He'd pinched me black and blue.

Then I was all over the place. Bought a loaf of bread, got a girl a lipstick at the five-and-ten—you'd be surprised at what a dime can do. The five-and-ten was nice. Saw a lot of the fellows there. We jawed about what was going on. One of the 1930 dimes kept complaining about the country going to the dogs. Kept speechifyin' about disaster. He turned out to be a phony, anyway. Then they threw me out for change. Gee, what a hot hand I landed in. The dame was in a hurry—she drops me in the street. Didn't even look back. I lays there. Nobody cares.

"E Pluribus," I says to myself, "You've fallen low."

And I had *Continued on page 59*

By John LaTouche

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum



WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.



After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.



Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

What's New from Coast to Coast



Not yet seventeen, Billy Anne Newman (far left), is already one of station WBT's busiest stars. Left, Irene Rich really works on her 50-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley.

A big concert tour ended, Nelson Eddy's back on the air as star of the Old Gold show Wednesday night on CBS. Below, a rare picture with Mrs. Eddy.



EDDIE CANTOR'S sudden illness and emergency operation forced him to close "Banjo Eyes," the hit musical comedy he was starring in on Broadway. He could broadcast from a hospital bed, but not even a Cantor could entertain a theater audience that way.

Novelist Fannie Hurst may be a summer star on the Blue network. She plans to do a fifteen-minute program five days a week, telling about people and things that interest her.

Jack Benny doesn't do his broadcast for an audience of service men any more, because he doesn't think soldiers and sailors laugh at the same kind of humor radio listeners in their homes do. Instead of inviting men in uniform to the broadcast, he does a second show every Sunday, for them alone. It's about twice as much work, but Jack likes it better that way.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—When Billy Anne Newman made her first stage appearance at the age of eighteen months, singing "When My Dreams Come True" to an audience of Charlotte theater-goers, everyone within sound of her voice predicted a glamorous future for her.

Billy Anne was only seven when the great Earl Carroll of Broadway fame came to town, and she sang and

By
DALE BANKS

danced for him in the office of the Mayor of Charlotte. Carroll, the experienced showman, was so impressed that he would have hired her on the spot for one of his shows if her parents hadn't intervened.

Because Billy Anne's mother and father preferred to have her at home and close to them, rather than traveling around the country, she stayed in Charlotte, went to school, and became one of the most sought-after entertainers in town. Mr. and Mrs. Newman taught dancing, and Billy Anne won a coveted dancing certificate and medal before she was ten. She sang, too, everywhere and anywhere, either alone or in trios or duets with her older sisters. There are four Newman sisters, and all are expert ballet, toe, tap and soft-shoe dancers.

Naturally, Billy Anne was in radio, too. She made her first radio appearance on the King Kole Kiddie Klub over WSOC in Charlotte, and first broadcast over WBT on the Young America on the Air program. Now, not yet seventeen years old, she's a radio veteran with years of mike ex-

perience behind her. Programs like the Saturday Night Shindig, the Dixie Jamboree, the Grady Cole Sunday Farm Club, and a number of other regular appearances on sustaining programs with organist Clarence Etters and pianist Jack Phipps—all these keep her very busy indeed.

Billy got her masculine name because her parents, already blessed with three girls, had hoped for a boy. When another girl arrived they simply didn't have the heart to change the name they had planned, so they added an Anne to it and let things go at that. But from the time Billy won a prize for being the prettiest baby girl in Charlotte until she grew up to be probably the most talented girl in town, the proud Newmans have been pretty happy that she didn't turn out to be a boy after all.

It's Spencer Bentley who's the new "John" in John's Other Wife.

Abie's Irish Rose fades from the air late in June, but only for a summer vacation. It will be back in September.

Two CBS announcers and one actor were modestly receiving congratulations on the arrival of new babies, all in one week. They were Bud Collyer and Danny Seymour, announcers for the Goldbergs and Aunt Jenny programs respectively, and John Griggs of the Young Dr. Malone cast.

Larry Robinson, child star of the Woman of Courage serial, made a flying trip to Hollywood to appear in a movie short boosting the war effort. Larry's co-star in the picture is Walter Huston.

Burl Ives, who used to sing for CBS listeners, is singing for the Army now—when he isn't busy marching. Winding up his civilian affairs wasn't much trouble for Burl. All he had to do was rent the houseboat on which he'd been living and swing his guitar over his shoulder—and then he was ready to go.

There's an interesting story about "Mound Bayou," this month's RADIO MIRROR song hit. Andy Razaf, who also wrote the lyrics for "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Ain't Misbehavin'," wrote the words several years ago, inspired by a little place in Mississippi called Mound Bayou, which is believed to be the only town in America entirely owned, operated and populated by colored people. A few months ago Andy unearthed the lyrics and showed them to Leonard Feather, who has written music for Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and other bands. Leonard set the song to music and within a few weeks there were two different phonograph records of it. Orchestra Leader Walter Gross heard it and liked it so well that he and Vera Barton are featuring it on their CBS broadcasts. And that's how a hit is born.

Maybe you'll see Against the Storm, the NBC daytime serial written by Sandra Michael, as a movie before long. Several companies, according to word from Hollywood, are interested in buying up the picture rights. It would be the first time a daytime serial in radio was ever used as the basis for a film.

Hanley Stafford, Baby Snooks' "Daddy" on the Thursday night Coffee Time program, started something that was hard to finish when he cabled his son Graham, now with the RCAF in England, asking if Graham could hear the Coffee Time broadcasts over there. By the time Graham cabled back the single word, "Yes," Hanley had forgotten his original message. So, puzzled, he sent Graham another question: "Yes, what?" Graham's reply was polite and dutiful, though not to the point. It read, "Yes, sir."

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—When John Daniel organized a quartet to sing sacred music, neither he nor anyone else expected to carry the project beyond the local limits of the little Alabama town of Boaz. Yet today the Daniel Quartet is one of radio's most beloved
Continued on page 50

WHAT DID HE MEAN... "SEE PAGE 5"?

HE WANTED YOU to read this ad, my dear... it's his way of telling you love will die, unless you learn the feminine secret of "double-protection" against offending! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap! Discover "double-protection" in your bath—right now, with one soap that's truly gentle and fragrant...

UMMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS! HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth... subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are super-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart...get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Facing the Music

BY KEN ALDEN

MARRIAGE of the month in bandland was Benny Goodman's union with attractive Alice Hammond Duckworth in Las Vegas, Nevada. Benny's bride was married once before and is the sister of John Hammond, noted swing music critic.

Baby of the month is Harry James' new little boy. The trumpet playing leader's wife is former vocalist Louise Tobin. . . . The Al Donahues also have a new baby boy.

Artie Shaw is doing his bit in the war as an ordinary seaman in the U. S. Navy. He didn't even try to get an officer's commission.

Glenn Miller rented Leslie Howard's former Beverly Hills home during the filming of Glenn's new 20th Century-Fox film, "Orchestra Wife."

Tommy Dorsey's new picture, "Ship Ahoy," in which he shares star billing with Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, will be released this month. It was held up for needed improvements. Another film-bound bandleader is Vaughn Monroe. He checks in at 20th Century-Fox the end of this month.

The annual crop of new bandleaders is smaller than usual but two new ones are the units of Jerry Wald and Sonny Skyler. The former is a 23-year-old clarinetist from New Jersey. He has already won a hotel spot—the Hotel Lincoln—and a Mutual network wire, and first reports are favorable. Skyler used to sing with Vincent Lopez and his new band features Jeanne D'Arcy, who used to sing for Johnny Messner.

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Betty Engels is the new singer with the Macfarland Twins' band. . . . Ronnie Kemper, formerly associated with Horace Heidt and Dick Jurgens, plans to organize a band of his own. . . . Connie Haines is off the Tommy Dorsey payroll. . . . Mugsy Spanier's singer, Edythe Harper, has retired temporarily to have a family. Her husband is Spanier's trombonist, Vernon Brown. . . . Lee Bennett has left Jan Garber's band to sing solo on



It was bandleader Johnny Long who encouraged a bell-hop to turn himself into a composer.

WGN, Chicago. . . . John Kirby is planning a South American tour. . . . Ray McKinley's band now at New York's Hotel Commodore. . . . Will Osborne installed at Chicago's Edgewater Beach hotel with a CBS wire.

Dolly Dawn's venture as a bandleader evidently didn't pan out so well because the chubby and capable little singer is now playing in theaters as a single act.

No more home cooking for Dinah Shore. Dinah's sister, with whom the songstress has been living ever since she came to New York from Nash-

ville, Tenn., has returned to the old home town, leaving Dinah with the prospect of eating hotel meals from now on. Dinah goes to Hollywood for film work this summer.

Walter Gross, CBS musical director, has surprised everybody by turning out to be a talented radio actor on the side. This heretofore unrevealed talent helped Walter get the band spot on "Duffy's Tavern."

After shunning girl singers for years on the grounds that they're more trouble than they're worth, Les Hite has finally succumbed, hiring Rosetta Williams.

Ed Hamelberg is an energetic bell hop at the Hotel New Yorker, with song writing ambitions on the side. The assignment he liked best was paging hotel guests in the New Yorker's Terrace Room. Then he could always steal a few minutes from his work listening to such big bands as Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, and Johnny Long. The latter learned of Ed's writing talent and encouraged him, promising that if Ed wrote a good tune, he would plug it. Ed turned out such a song—"I Need You My Love"—and when Johnny returned to the New Yorker this month he kept his promise. The tune was first printed in RADIO MIRROR's May issue, as a "Song Hit of Tomorrow." A check of best-selling song charts now indicates that "I Need You, My Love" is a song hit of today and bell-hop Hamelberg is busy writing another.

Vera Barton, CBS' new singing discovery, features this month's Radio Mirror song hit, "Mound Bayou," on her show with Walter Gross.





The telephone call he thought was a joke brought fame and a band of his own to Hal McIntyre.

ANOTHER CONNECTICUT YANKEE

THE phone rang sharply and the apple-cheeked, six-foot youngster swallowed hard when the voice on the other end of the wire filtered through.

"This is Benny Goodman speaking." You couldn't blame the boy for being cautious. He'd had experiences before with home town practical jokers.

"Yeah," he piped curtly into the mouthpiece, "and if you're Benny Goodman, then I'm Santa Claus."

But that caustic retort didn't stop the conversation. The man was seriously insistent.

"Look, Hal McIntyre, if you think I'm really kidding you, call me back at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York."

Hal made one more attempt to expose the stranger.

"Okay, Mister Benny Goodman, I'll do that, but I'll reverse the charges!"

But thirty minutes later the excited, twenty-two-year-old, band-crazy Connecticut lad, who spent his daytime hours working in the Remington-Rand typewriter plant and his nights playing an inspired saxophone in his own local eight-piece orchestra, was telling his experience to Jane Avery, his best girl.

"Jane, honey," he gulped, "it really was Benny Goodman! He wants me to come to New York tonight!"

Jane seemed more excited than Hal. Her cheeks were flushed as she gripped the boy's hand tightly.

"What did you tell him?"

Hal's face fell. Then he stammered: "I told him I couldn't come until Monday. I've got a picnic date with you Sunday and even Benny Goodman isn't going to make me break it!"

Continued on page 52

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING HER "ONE NEGLECT"



1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.



2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germs—life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."



4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I happy!

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact. **SPREADING**—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. **ECONOMICAL**—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. **CLEANLY ODOR**—Soon disappears. **HOLDS STRENGTH** to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.T.M.-742. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Come Away, My Love!

LOUISE GARRETSON stared unseeingly out of the train window at the dingy, busy platform. She felt listless and oppressed. In her mind she was hearing, not the sound of the bustle of porters and trucks, but the rattle and bang and murmur and rumble that had awakened her on her first—and only—morning in New York City.

Her blue eyes misted over with tears. She had not even had time to grow used to the ceaseless, noisy stirring of life in the city. Miserably, she remembered how happy she had been that morning two days ago—no—a lifetime ago. She remembered how she had jumped out of bed and run to the window and feasted her eyes on the unfamiliar sight of a city beginning the business of the day.

She had watched people scurrying through the traffic and disappearing down stairways, which she realized must lead to the Subways. She had watched cars and trucks fighting for the right of way and stopping and starting at the silent command of the red and green lights on the corners. Like thin, small echoes, she had heard the cry of a newsboy and the shout of a truck driver and the steady, impatient honkings of horns.

All at once, she had felt that she must hurry and become a part of all this. There was so much she wanted

to see and do and know, before she had to settle down and find a job. She had dressed quickly, almost feverishly, and soon stood before the mirror, appraising herself.

She had been sure of herself, then. Her hat was smart and her new Spring coat fitted her tall, lithe figure as though it had been tailored for it. No, she had smiled at herself, no one would guess the scrimping and slaving, the years of secret longing that had gone into the building of this moment, when she was free, at last.

She had been sure she looked like any one of the millions of girls in New York. And she was glad. As the train had carried her Eastward, she had cast off the fetters of the past, the farm, the drudgery, the sordidness. Her crippled, querulous father and her gaunt, overworked Aunt Matilda had become dream figures, who had nothing to do with this new Louise Garretson, who was going to conquer life and shape her own destiny.

The train began, slowly, to move out of the station. Louise shivered and her left hand tightened around the crumpled telegram in her coat pocket. Her mind went back to that morning again.

She had been so happy, so unsuspecting, as she rode down in the elevator and fairly danced to the desk to turn in her key.

"Good morning," the room clerk

had beamed at her. Then, "There's a telegram for you, Miss Garretson."

A yellow piece of paper. "Your Aunt Matilda died suddenly this morning. Come home. Father." That was all.

Louise had crumpled the telegram and thrust it into her pocket. For one still moment, she had told herself she didn't care, she would never go back, nothing was so important as her right to live her own life. The next moment, she had known that her life was not her own.

For the next moment, standing there in the lobby, she had become a little girl again, a frightened little girl, dragged from her bed and carried, through smoke and flames and falling walls, to safety. She had lived again through the terror of shivering in the cold and watching her father run back to the burning house, to appear a few minutes later, carrying her mother and, not a second too soon, pushing his limp burden out of the reach of the collapsing beams. She had felt again the horror of the moment when she saw the porch give way under her father and the heavy, charred rafters bury him. For although they had

Adapted by Dena Reed from an original radio story by Phillip Bloom, heard on Grand Central Station.

The desperate, frightened cry came again from the house. "I've got to go back, Denis," Louise said.

not snuffed out his life they had made him into a hopeless cripple.

"Is something wrong?"

Louise had started and stared at the clerk. "No—yes," she had murmured. "I'll have to leave, right away."

To Louise, slumped down in her seat on the train, it seemed as though she had stopped living with those last words to the clerk. In a few

hours, she would be there and everything would be over.

Her mind shuddered away from the realization that she would never be free as long as her father lived. Yet, it was so. For Louise knew that because of the sacrifice he had made to save her mother's life, she could never desert him.

While her Aunt Matilda had been alive, she had felt free to leave him.

She had even felt justified in fighting for her freedom, because only by being free to earn her living could she ever help them. But that was over now. Aunt Matilda had died, worn out by overwork and poverty—just as Louise's mother had been—just as she herself would be, someday.

Louise cried a little, then, quietly. She could *Continued on page 60*



Bright

In sending the man she loved back to the past that was haunting him, Carol knew she was risking her own happiness. But it was a gamble she had to take

As a complete story by Jahn Baxter, read the thrilling radio serial heard Monday through Friday over CBS, sponsored by Swan Soap. Illustrations posed by the cast — Richard Kollmar as Michael, Sammie Hill as Carol, Ranald Liss as Bobby.



Carol could tell.

"What's your name?" she said. "They call me Bobby." He was watching the merry-go-round again. "Who does?"

The boy looked at her, and for an instant there was suspicion in his eyes. "Oh, Michael and everybody." He passed it off.

"Who's Michael?"

"He's my pal."

"Is he here with you?"

"Yes, he's here." The boy was tough inside, Carol decided—not hard, but weathered, as though he'd been through storms that had set his character so that now he felt too old for the merry-go-round, yet wistfully wished to be younger. Thinking this, she smiled.

"There's Michael," Bobby said.

Carol looked for a boy his own

Horizon

**RADIO'S POPULAR DRAMA
NOW TOLD AS
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Carol's eyes blazed. "You've got to go back," she said. "Not for me, but for yourself."

age. There were none. Then she saw a man coming toward them with a slight limp and a look of distrust on his face. It was a strange face, set and a little cynical, Carol thought, but the brown eyes were clear and alert, almost piercing.

When the man drew near, he slowed and looked at her more closely.

Michael West was a man who had

turned his back on the world, and at times like these, when the world had to be met, he retreated into a stiff dignity.

"Bobby," he said, "will you come now?" He tried to avoid looking at Carol.

"Oh, she's all right," Bobby said surprisingly.

Carol laughed, and Michael could see why Bobby thought so. She

was that rare thing—a pretty girl without affectation—and when she laughed it was apparent. Michael had to smile too. "Has he been bothering you?" he asked.

"No," she said, still chuckling. "I've been bothering him."

"Me too." It was Michael's turn to laugh.

"Are you two brothers?" Carol wanted to know.

"No, we're just what you might call chance acquaintances." Michael put his hand on Bobby's shoulder. He was not a tall man, only a few inches taller than Carol and he was thin, but he stood so that he gave the impression of solidity.

And standing there, wishing that Bobby would come away, he had not really looked at Carol. When he did, Bobby's hand was in his and they were leaving. Then he saw the half pain in her soft eyes, the look that meant she was troubled in her heart.

Michael knew his weakness. He knew that all people who were weak or troubled or hurt called out something in him that wanted to help. Because he too had been betrayed by man and his jealousies and inhumanities, and he recognized that thing in others by some sense higher than the ordinary.

Now, when he saw the look in his own eyes mirrored in Carol's he no longer wanted to go.

"Why don't you introduce me to your friend?" he said to Bobby.

"Cause I don't know her name."

"It's Carol Bates."

"Mine's Michael West."

The way they said it was very simple and informal, like young children. If Bobby weren't here, it couldn't have happened, Michael thought. Then they both laughed, and Michael could feel himself blushing.



If Bobby weren't here, it couldn't have happened, Michael thought. They both laughed, and he felt himself blushing.

They walked together toward the parking lot, and Bobby wandered ahead, kicking at the hard edges of the asphalt walk. Behind them the hoarse voices and the delighted shrieks of girls on the roller coaster receded into dimness.

"Do you come here often?" Michael knew the question was awkward, but what else could he say?

Carol laughed. "This is the first time in five years."

"There's an old belief," Michael said, "and I guess the modern doctors recognize its wisdom, that when a person is troubled he tries to be young again. Subconsciously, I mean, so the scenes of his childhood seem dearer and he wants to go back to them."

"I believe in that too," Carol said.

"That's exactly why I came here today."

"Maybe that's why people who have suffered frequently seem so young in spirit," Michael mused.

"I'm sure of it; and people who are incapable of real suffering always seem so settled and solid and impervious."

"It's because they can't understand." As he said it, Michael stopped beside the old truck he and Bobby used for their deliveries.

"Why, do you work for Mrs. Anderson?" Carol said, surprised.

"Yes, do you know her?"

"Of course. We've bought eggs from Mrs. Anderson ever since I can remember. That truck is as familiar as my own back yard."

"Why yes—Bates! I know. We delivered three dozen to your house

yesterday."

"That's right."

"But why haven't we seen you in the past three weeks?"

"I was away until four days ago."

It made them both feel as though they were old friends. Michael was congratulating himself on finding this mutual acquaintance, when Bobby, who had climbed into the driver's seat, leaned precariously out of the side and shouted, "Hey Michael, are you coming? Or aren't you?"

"Yes, right away."

So they said goodbye there, standing at the tail gate of the truck, and Carol went on down the line of parked cars to her own coupe.

On the way back to the farm, Michael found himself humming an old tune. It swelled, grew louder in his throat. He wanted to stop and get out his accordion, but instead he drove a little faster, and finally he sang at the top of his lungs with Bobby piping along in the treble.

The next morning, when he and Bobby got up, the sun was barely over the eastern hills, and the song was again in Michael's heart. Mrs. Anderson looked at him strangely when he came down to breakfast.

"A fine time to sing, Michael West. Only birds sing before breakfast."

Michael laughed. "Then I'm a bird, Mrs. Anderson. A big bird with no wings and long legs."

Mrs. Anderson sniffed. "Sounds like a kind of bird that don't exist anymore."

"He was acting crazy yesterday too, Mrs. Anderson," Bobby put in.

"If that's what it does to you to get an afternoon off, you'll get no more as long as you work here," Mrs. Anderson declared.

"Bet we do," Bobby whispered to Michael very loudly.

Mrs. Anderson humped at them, but her eyes twinkled.

"She might mean it this time," Michael whispered back.

"Not when she rattles the stove lid like that."

Mrs. Anderson set before each of them a great plate of gently steaming hot cakes. "Eat," she commanded. "And don't be making fun of your elders. And when you finish those, Bobby, I've got another batch baking. There's not enough flesh on your ribs to suit me."

Bobby poured the thick maple syrup over the cakes until the plate swam with it. Then he put a piece of golden butter on the very top. He waved a fork at Michael before he dug in. "Make him eat too," he said.

"He'll *Continued on page 70*

*Why had Carol come to the amusement park
that day? Perhaps there is a destiny . . .*



The day he took the plane, Robin held me in his arms and kissed me and told me to think about him.



In all my dreams

Which was the real Robin Marshall? The man she had loved for so long—the criminal her father had feared—or this man who looked at her with sorrow in his eyes? Only her heart could find the truth behind a strange masquerade

THE late afternoon sun burned down on me as I walked through the park. It was the heart of summer, and gay. There was laughter and voices and young couples arm-in-arm. Maybe that's why I began to think of Robin—Robin Marshall. Because only with him—

But Robin Marshall was dead.

For three long empty years I had been trying to grasp that reality—telling myself, over and over, "You can't bring him to life, you have to forget."

Always another voice would remind me to be sure, terribly sure, before I believed. Perhaps there had been a mistake, perhaps he was still alive.

Some of those youths out with their girls that afternoon glanced at me as I passed them. It was pleasant—to be smart and attractive. The straw-colored dress with its wide blue belt matched the turban and went well with blue eyes and dark wavy hair. But knowing how to dress—well, I was working in a dress shop and clothes were my daily bread.

I was day-dreaming on the way home, remembering Robin and that summer we had together, those few months of happiness with him. And then I thought of Ralph.

Ralph Berry whom I'd known all my life, who had hated Robin and warned me against him. Ralph who was a comer in the real estate world, according to my Dad. Who had wanted to marry me ever since I was a little girl.

Ralph and Dad were there when I reached the apartment. Dad was reading the afternoon paper in his chair by the window. I ran in to kiss him and I saw his lined face was worried and drawn.

I started for my room to primp before dinner, waving a greeting to Ralph who sat on the sofa across

from Dad, but Ralph stopped me. "Wait, Marion. There's something we have to tell you."

The grim note in his voice startled me. Dad's newspaper slipped to the floor. They were both looking at me.

"What's happened, you two?" I tried to smile. "You look like the end of the world."

Dad said, "You've got to brace yourself for a shock, Marion."

"Dad, I can take it. What's happened?"

Ralph stood up, erect and stern. "Robin Marshall is back."

"Robin!"

I heard myself echo the name, but it was a moment before the realization struck home, before I felt myself grow dizzy. Robin alive! But—

"He'll be here tonight," Ralph added slowly.

I reached out to Dad, to steady myself. I could hear my heart pounding in my breast.

Even then I knew something was wrong. There was something stilted and unreal in the way they acted. Dad's long fingers running through his iron-gray hair. Ralph cold and unreachable. Yet with Ralph, perhaps, it was understandable.

His parents and mine knew each other even before we were born. We grew up together and everybody—except me—expected that one day we would marry. Dad works for a real estate concern and Dad's influence helped Ralph obtain a position in the firm after he was graduated from college.

I kept house for Dad after my mother died. Ralph was a frequent guest, and I went out with him often. But one day a man I'd never seen before came to see my father. He said his name was Robin Marshall.

I hadn't ever known anyone like him before. He was—the word is free. He seemed on fire with ambition and the excitement of living. Always talking about how every

man has a right to his own dreams, to take his own chances. Even in the way he dressed he was rakish and dashing. And his face was lean and his eyes the color of the sea.

That was a wonderful time. I was with Robin almost every night, listening to him talk of becoming a great engineer, of how he would build great bridges across empty space.

It was one of his engineering dreams that had brought him to Dad. The company for whom Dad worked owned some property in South America. If it could be developed—

At first Dad turned him down. He and Ralph were bitterly opposed to Robin. They tried to tell me I shouldn't see him. I couldn't understand them, but I put it down to the fact that Ralph was jealous and Dad sided with him.

Yet their reaction when I told them Robin and I were going to be married was strange. I'd rather expected a violent scene but it was just the opposite. Dad actually tried to seem pleased.



Written in thrilling story form by Will Oursler, from the original radio drama by Roger Quole Denny, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, 12:30 P.M., E.W.T., on CBS, sponsored by Dori-Rich.

"If you and Robin love each other," he told me, "that's all that matters."

We made plans for the marriage. I knew that Robin needed a job, and Dad agreed to let him investigate the South American property, to see if it could be developed. Robin and I talked about the future and everything centered on the South American project.

The day at the airport, he took me in his arms in front of all of them and kissed me and told me to think about him and he'd be back.

Only he didn't come back. The morning came when Dad, his face white, told me they'd had word from the airlines. The plane had crashed. Some of the victims were missing, but Robin—they thought they had found his body.

I was too hysterical to make sense. Dad flew down on the next plane to make the identification. I saw his face when he got back, and I knew it had been Robin. He told me they'd buried him there.

I clung to a last hope, that Dad might have been mistaken. The identification, after such an accident, would be difficult, and a vibrant being like Robin—it wasn't possible he was dead.

But Dad said there couldn't have been a mistake.

They tried to help me forget. And Ralph for three years had been pleading with me to marry him. I was sorry he loved me, sorry because I couldn't return that love.

Now I was trying to hide my own happiness. "I knew he was alive," I told them. "I always knew."

Ralph closed his eyes. "He'll be here after dinner. Around seven-thirty. Stopped in at the office today. He'll tell you—"

"I'd better get dressed," I said, and tried to sound calm.

I was a long time getting ready. The white dress was the one, it had

the spirit of spring and youth. That was the line I used in the shop—now I was actually believing it myself. I fussed with the gardenia in my hair.

The two men gasped when I stood in the archway and asked them how I looked.

Ralph surveyed me coolly, as if I were some inanimate statue. "Hardly what you'd call practical, Marion."

"But you do think it's pretty?"

"Is that all you think about? Being pretty?"

I DIDN'T answer. I'd grown used to his way of hurting. It was because he was jealous, and I knew jealousy made people say things they didn't mean.

They wouldn't answer my questions about Robin. "He'll tell you himself," Ralph said, "when he gets here."

I tried to hide my nervousness. We finished dinner and sipped our coffee in the living room. I heard the big grandfather's clock strike seven-thirty and I felt myself grow taut and all sorts of ideas went through my mind—maybe it was some kind of joke, maybe he wasn't coming after all, maybe he was married—

The doorbell rang and my heart seemed to stop beating and I heard Dad say, "It's probably for you, Marion."

I was so scared, it was all I could do to walk to the door. My hand reached out to the knob and turned it and pulled the door open.

Robin was standing there. For a moment I couldn't speak or move or do anything at all.

It was the same Robin, the same tall strength, the same twisted grin, mischief in his eyes.

"Hello," he said. "Is—"

I said, "Robin — Robin — you've come back."

It was hardly more than a whisper. He said, "Marion!"

For what seemed an eternity he looked at me. And at last, very low, he said, "Yes, I have come back, haven't I?"

He stepped forward and bent down and kissed me. It wasn't a long kiss. But its warmth stayed on my lips.

"It's been so long," I said. "So terribly long."

We went into the living room, and Ralph greeted him, pleasant but reserved. Dad came over and shook hands. I could not miss the awkwardness of that moment; no one seemed to know what to say.

The same Robin I had known. But now I saw he was changed, marked by time. And here in the living room, the sparkle had gone from his

eyes and he seemed ill at ease.

It was Ralph, curiously, who broke the silence. "I guess," he said, "you two would like to be alone. Probably a lot to talk over. We've got business—"

But Robin—Robin who hadn't seen me in those years—actually wanted them with us.

"We'll all go out," he said loudly. "We'll make it a party."

He forced them to agree, finally, and we went out together.

That was an evening I have tried to erase from my memory. Because all the joy of seeing him and being with him again ended.

We went from one night club to another and all the time he spent in talking of the women he had

me now and it almost seemed, for a moment, as if I were taking up where we'd left off.

But I was surprised at the hard glint that came into his eyes. Instead of being pleased, he seemed almost angry. It dawned on me suddenly that he'd been that way all evening, whenever I'd tried to talk with him.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked. "Aren't you glad to know I've been working hard?"

"Sure, I'm pleased." His voice was flat. "But it does seem a little foolish."

"Foolish?"

"That's what I'd call it. You're working hard and that's good. But you'll never get rich that way. You ought to find yourself a better racket than that."

"Racket?" The way he said it was so unlike him. "You wouldn't have talked like that before."

"I was a young fool then." His tone was contemptuous. "I've learned a lot since then. Enough to know there isn't any point wasting time on penny-ante. People worry too much about keeping everything on the up and up. That's so much bunk. Get what you can—"

"Robin!" A sense of horror ran through me. "You've changed. I don't understand—"

"Sure I've changed. What do you think I stayed in South America for? To be a good neighbor? I was looking for a racket—a way to chisel out a hunk of dough quick. Almost had it, too. But the war came, and the police clamped down on foreigners and I had to get out. Just the same, that's the smart way."

It wasn't possible. And yet I saw his eyes, narrow, full of greed. He must have known what I was thinking because he said slowly, "Don't be a Pollyanna, Marion."

Something within me died. I was cold and numb. I closed my eyes but there was no holding back the tears. I put my hands to my face and tried to stifle the sobs.

Robin was silent. After a few moments, I regained control of myself. I stood up, shook back a loose lock of hair. I was glad for the dim lights in the night club.

"Ralph, please take me home. Now."

Without a word, he went to get my cape from the check room. The others were standing too. I couldn't bring myself to look at Robin. I felt his hand on my arm and drew away.

Robin said, "I can't. I can't do this."

I turned to him. "What do you mean?"

"It's that *Continued on page 67*



Next Month

*In Living Portraits
you'll treasure—*

MA PERKINS

*and the people of
a favorite radio
drama. Don't miss
them in the August*

RADIO MIRROR



known in South America, of nights in Rio, dancing and making love.

After midnight, we arrived at a cabaret in the downtown section. I tried to keep the talk away from Robin's South American escapades. I told him about the dress shop, how I had got the job on my own, how I wanted the feeling of paying my own way.

"It isn't a big job or anything. But it's the kind of work I like! And it's kept me busy—"

We'd had so many discussions about our ideas and our plans in the past—before he'd gone away. The memory of those times came back to

More than I Ever Knew

I WANTED Nell Burnham to stay with me. I didn't want to be left alone. But I couldn't tell her that.

"You'd better rest until the broadcast, Janice," Nell said. She pressed my arm and her soft gray eyes smiled gently. "I'm so glad," she whispered. Then, she was gone.

And I was terrified. The dressing room was so still that my thoughts became almost tangible things, tearing at me. At the rehearsal, it had been easy to evade my thoughts, to hide my sense of shame, even from myself. There had been dozens of people in the radio theater. I had been able to concentrate on them, their voices, their kindness.

But now I was alone. I couldn't escape the memories that had been haunting me for days, the terrible recollection of the understanding that had come to me too late. Miserably, I turned away from the closed door.

On the opposite wall, there was a row of mirrors, each one of them casting a shadowy reflection. It took me a few seconds to recognize myself in that slender, black clad figure with the soft, blonde hair so effectively set off by a small, heavily veiled, black hat. I shuddered, suddenly engulfed by that same sick feeling that had swept over me, a little while before, when I'd heard the glowing words with which Mr. Bradley was planning to introduce me to the radio audience.

I moved toward a chair. And, as I stepped forward, a scrap of white gleamed like a beacon in my black-gloved hand. I sat down and spread that piece of paper on the make-up shelf.

"Unconfirmed report Lt. James Nichols found. Trying to confirm by short wave. More later."

Mr. Bradley had handed me this Radio Press dispatch after the re-

"Maybe I don't love you, but I want you," Ray said. "You're lovely and very desirable."



The world called her a heroine, but Janice knew she deserved nothing but contempt because she had let Jimmy go into danger without her love. Now, at the broadcast, she prayed for strength to confess

hearsal. This was what Nell was talking about, when she said she was glad.

"Please, God," I prayed, "let it be true. Let him be alive. Give me a chance to tell him I love him, that it was all a horrible mistake. Please, God, give him back to me."

I stared at myself in the mirror. Then, somehow, it wasn't my face there in the glass. It was Jimmy's face, smiling softly, his warm, dark eyes tender, as I had seen them so often, his lean face tan and glowing and his dark hair brushed tight to his head. I covered my eyes. I couldn't bear it. How could I have been such a fool? How could this have happened to us?

WE started our married life, Jimmy and I, with everything in our favor. We were young and healthy and ridiculously in love. The future was bright ahead of us. For such a young man, Jimmy was already a success—and it was a success of his own making.

Only two years before we were married, when his father had died, Jimmy had left Annapolis—where he was just entering his third year—and had taken over the running of the small advertising agency, which in his father's hands had been a pretty shaky enterprise. In a short time, Jimmy had not only put it on its feet, but was well on the way to building it into a big thing.

I was insanely happy, those first two years, and terribly proud of my Jimmy. I had everything a girl could ever want. I loved Jimmy and he loved me. He belonged to me and I belonged to him. And we were going to live happily ever after!

By the time we'd been married almost three years, the agency had grown so much and prospered so well, that we were able to move to our own house in the suburbs. Jimmy gave me the house and, for himself, he bought a plane. It was a fine old house and I loved it. We were getting along fine. At least, I thought we were.

And then, one morning, I woke up feeling strangely, unaccountably, empty and lonely. I couldn't understand it. Had Jimmy and I quarrelled and not made up? No, I remembered, we hadn't quarrelled—not exactly.

Jimmy had come home very tired, the evening before. We had had dinner in almost complete silence. And, afterwards, Jimmy had patted my shoulder and said, "Think I'll take a turn in the plane. Want to come, Janice?"

I was a little irritated with him for asking me. He knew perfectly well I got sick in a plane. He also



"I didn't want to break it to you this way," Jimmy said. "I can't put it off any longer."

knew I hated his dashing off in that plane all the time.

"Jimmy," I had said, "can't we drive in to town and see a movie, or something?"

"Look, darling," he'd said. "I'm all tied up in knots—tight. I'll just take a short flight—just enough to relax. Then, we'll drive in and see a movie, hm?"

"There was a time," I had said a little snappishly, "when I was enough for you—enough to make you

relax, without needing a plane ride."

Jimmy frowned. "You don't understand, Janice," he'd said with a helpless sigh. "There's something about flying—you don't like to fly—so I can't explain it to you—the free feeling you get—the way every-

thing, worries, problems, nerves, falls away from you up there." He'd gone out then. And he hadn't come



back for hours. We didn't get in to a movie.

I lay there a long time, that morning, thinking of all this. And always, I was stopped at that one point. "You don't understand. I can't explain it to you." Jimmy had said those things to me. My Jimmy, whom I had thought so close to me that we didn't need words for understanding, had implied that there were things he could feel and know, which I never could. And I realized, suddenly, that there were lots of things, little things, that should have shown me Jimmy was drifting away from me.

Now, I know what I should have done. I should have run to Jimmy, while it was all fresh in my mind and told him how frightened I was, how I felt. And, maybe, if I had, Jimmy would have told me all about his own feelings and all this stupidity and mess could have been averted. But I was hurt and bewildered and I thought only of myself.

In a way, we were both at fault, I guess. But I see now that most of the fault was mine. Someone once

said, wisely, that the art of love lies in forever finding something new in the same person. Well, Jimmy was always new to me. His business contacts kept him on his toes, his mind alive, growing. Every day, he brought home all this freshness, this newness to me. And I? I'm afraid I didn't change. I'm afraid I still lived in a dream world, full of hazy illusions and vague longings. I wanted us to "live happily ever after" and I was sure we would. Just like that!

These are things I understand and know, now. I didn't see them, then. Then, my pride was shattered, my belief in our love was gone. And, because I couldn't bear to stay around the house, where everything reminded me of my failure, I threw myself into a flurry of social activity and, very soon, found a balm, if not for my heart, certainly for my vanity. I made the happy discovery that other men found me attractive, even if Jimmy no longer did. And I thought that was better than nothing.

HAVING started on this path quite innocently, out of sheer pique and loneliness, I soon found myself being swept along it, almost against my will. Our marriage automatically became the kind of marriage, which, in some circles, is considered the ideal—one of these terribly modern, you-go-your-way-I'll-go-mine affairs.

Looking back on it, I don't see how Jimmy stood it. I know, now, that he was unhappy and confused and just as miserable without me, as I was without him. But I didn't find that out until much later—when it was all over.

Then, I just drifted along, not caring too much where I was going. I'm still not quite clear how it happened that the circle of my admirers—and I had them—narrowed itself down to Raymond Haslitt.

Ray fascinated me. He was the kind of person people are afraid not to know. He was rather thin, with blond hair and a long, sardonic looking face. His eyes were steely gray and deep set and wise, not in a kindly way, but in a cold, analytical way that saw right through people to their most hidden weaknesses. And Ray had no qualms about using the secrets his sharp eyes uncovered. His wit was based on exposing people's foibles.

Maybe the other men began to stay away from me, because they were afraid of Ray's tongue. Maybe the choice was mine. Maybe I preferred Ray to the others, because I could be with him and never think of Jimmy, never find some

word, some gesture, reminding me of Jimmy and forcing me to make comparisons. I don't know.

One Fall evening, after a round of night clubs, instead of heading for River road to take me home, Ray drove to his own apartment house.

"It's late," I said, not getting out of the car.

Ray grinned at me. "Time for a talk, my sweet."

He pulled me out of the car. We rode up on the elevator to his penthouse in silence. He led me out to the terrace, pushed me into a chair and poured himself a drink. He stood before me, looking at me thoughtfully for a long time.

Finally, he said, "How long does this go on?"

"This—?" I asked. "This imitation love affair—call it what you like," Ray said. "Are you in love with me, Janice?"

I stared at him. "I—I don't know. No, I don't think I am," I said in a small voice.

He laughed. "Well, that's an honest beginning." He sprawled out on a wicker settee and was just a shadow in the darkness. "Now, we can talk this over without any sentimental nonsense. Will you marry me, Janice?"

I was stunned. "Marry—?" I stammered. "I'm married—I just said I don't love you—I—"

"Wait," Ray said quietly. "Let me explain. I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I don't know whether I love you, or not. I hope I don't. From all I've seen, love isn't much of a foundation for marriage. Look at yourself. You were in love with Jim, weren't you?" I nodded dazedly. "All right, what happened? You fell out of love and then you had nothing to hang on to."

"If that's the way you feel," I said, "why do you want to marry me—or anyone?"

Ray chuckled. "Maybe I don't love you, but I want you. You're a very lovely creature—very desirable. It's more than that, though. I'm pretty lonely. I know a lot of people, but I don't like them and they don't like me. Most of them are just afraid of me. Of all the people I know—especially women—you're about the only person I could stand having around. So here it is. I can't honestly offer you love, but I can give you companionship, a luxurious, amusing life and a reasonable amount of passion."

"But there's Jimmy—" I began.

"Come now," Ray said. "Isn't it a little late to resurrect your conscience? You be frank, too. Actually, you've been unfaithful to Jim for

months. There's such a thing as mental cheating, too, you know. What do you say, Janice? Will you get a divorce and marry me?"

I didn't answer him for a long time. It was so coldblooded. Yet, I couldn't help seeing his logic. Maybe this wasn't romantic, but it was certainly practical. I'd married Jimmy for love and what had become of that? Nothing. Jimmy had stopped loving me and, somewhere along the path, I'd stopped loving him and we lived like two strangers in the same house. Jimmy didn't even care enough about our marriage to protest against my getting myself talked about. This thing that Ray was offering me wouldn't go off like a rocket and burst into lovely colors around my head. There wouldn't be any dreams, any illusions, any wild ecstasies. But it would be safe. I'd know what I was getting into, right from the start. I'd tried love and it had failed me. Why not try Ray's way?

"Why not?" I whispered.

RAY jumped to his feet and pulled me into his arms. He had kissed me casually, before, but this was different, somehow. I found myself responding to it hungrily.

Ray laughed deep in his throat. "We'll get along, all right," he said. "I'll take you home, sweet, before I lose my head—like ordinary mortals."

The drive back to the suburbs seemed very short. Ray talked incessantly, but his voice was just a background to my confused emotions. I felt a little relieved, as you do when you've made a long deferred decision, and a little sad and a little puzzled by the way my blood had surged in answer to Ray's kiss, even while my mind kept whispering, "Remember, this isn't love—just a reasonable amount of passion."

"Better tell Jim, right away," Ray said, as he kissed me goodnight. "It's only fair that you should."

The house was all dark. I was rather glad not to have to face Jimmy. I wanted a chance to think out the things I would have to say to him. But, as I stepped into my room, I heard a rustle in the dark.

"Janice, I want to talk to you."

It was Jimmy. He got up out of the big chair near the window. I was frightened, suddenly. Here it comes, I thought, he's going to bring it up himself. We're going to have a scene.

"I've been trying to see you for days," Jimmy said, snapping on my bedside lamp. He looked tired, his dark eyes were filled with unhappiness. "I don't know how to begin,"

he said biting his lip. Then, he said bluntly, "I've applied for a commission."

"A commission?"

"In the Navy," he said.

"I don't understand," I said.

Jimmy frowned. "Janice, there's a war going on and, unless I miss my guess, we'll be in it soon. The Navy needs pilots and I'm a darned good one."

I didn't know what to say. Of course, I'd been aware of the war that was sweeping over the world. Some of Ray's choicest epigrams concerned it. But, somehow, I'd never expected that war to touch me, or anyone I knew.



"I didn't want to break it to you this way," Jimmy went on, "but you've been so busy lately, I haven't had a chance. Now, I can't put it off any longer. I've got to leave for Pensacola in the morning—for training."

"But Jimmy," I said weakly. "There's so much I want to—"

"I know," Jimmy said, putting an arm around my shoulder. "There are a lot of things I've wanted to talk over with you, too. But there's no time, now. You mustn't worry, that's all. I've arranged everything. The house is all clear and in your name. I've fixed a trust fund for you. You'll be all right."

Suddenly, something fell apart inside of me and I burst into tears.

"Darling," Jimmy said hugging me close. "Nothing may come of it. We may not get into the war. You mustn't cry. I'll be all right."

How could I tell him then? Maybe he didn't love me any more, but he was so darned conscientious, he still felt so responsible for me. So,

I didn't say the things I should have said. Instead, I let Jimmy comfort me, even make love to me. And, all the while, I kept telling myself it would be better to write to him, later, when he had found himself a new life.

I let Jimmy go away without telling him. And, as I stood on the lawn and watched him take off in his plane, it seemed a fitting finish. He had gone away from me in spirit a long time ago, I thought. Now, he was going far away bodily, too, into another world, almost.

Somehow, the weeks passed and I still didn't write Jimmy the truth. Ray was annoyed with me.

"Janice, you've got to make up your mind," he said. "You're not being fair. You don't love him, but you let him go on thinking you do. He doesn't love you, but you go on letting him think he has to pretend he does, because you're a poor, helpless, little girl lost in a harsh world. And where do I stand in all this?"

Ray was right, of course. I wasn't being fair. I had to give in to him, finally, and set off for Reno.

Just before I left New York, I wrote to Jimmy. It wasn't easy to do, but, in the end, I managed it—a cold, short note. "I'm going to Reno, Jimmy. Our marriage has been a farce for a long time. I'm sure you've felt it. I have. There's no point in going on this way. I'm sorry I didn't have the courage to tell you this before. It would have saved us a lot of misery and deception. I'm sorry for everything. Goodbye and good luck."

Ray and I reached Reno in the second week of November. I rented a small house and Ray stayed at a hotel nearby. I expected Jimmy to write, but he didn't. Ray said that just proved that Jimmy wanted a divorce, too. And, as time passed without a word from Jimmy, I began to believe this, too.

Then, suddenly it was War! I suppose Reno was no different from any other place. Everywhere you went, you'd hear it on every tongue. Walking along the streets, you'd see men lined up outside the recruiting offices, shivering in the cold, but with determination on their faces.

And I kept thinking of Jimmy. Jimmy in a war! It was one thing to have stopped loving a man, but quite another to think of his being in constant danger. I felt that things like divorces and personal, emotional upsets were trivialities beside the terrible events that were affecting all lives, everywhere. It didn't seem to me that my divorce was important, that this was the time for it.

Yet Jimmy and I had stopped loving each *Continued on page 48*

Bachelor's Children

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Photographs to delight you—the beloved people of that exciting drama you listen to weekday mornings on the NBC network, sponsored by the makers of Palmolive Soap



Today Michael Kent is in prison, accused of murder, but in his memory he is free to return to happier times when Dr. Bob and Janet, or his other friends, used to visit him on the farm he loves.



MICHAEL KENT is an orphan whom Dr. Bob has helped because he believes him to be an extremely brilliant young man. In spite of the charges against Michael, Dr. Bob is sure of his innocence. Michael's life has not been a pleasant one. He's a writer and most of his life was spent in poverty. He suffered a fractured arm when a child, which has caused one of his arms to be slightly shorter than the other, and it was for this reason that he was recently turned down by the Army when he wanted to join it, the minute war broke out. Not long ago, he went to live on a farm given him by kind-hearted old Ellen Collins. There, a neighbor's daughter, a shrewd, dishonest girl named Dottie, decided she was going to marry him. Michael, out of pity, and because the girl he really loved had turned him down, married Dottie. From that day on she caused him nothing but misery. When she poisoned his dog, out of meanness, he threatened to kill her and left the house. While he was gone, one of Dottie's former lovers, a gangster named Ned Cosmo, slipped into the house and strangled Dottie. Michael was charged with the murder on circumstantial evidence.

(Played by Charles Flynn)

All Photos by Seymour



DR. BOB GRAHAM, an excellent physician and surgeon, is idealistically devoted to helping the down-trodden. During the last war, a top sergeant named Dexter saved his life and Dr. Bob promised that he would some day repay him. When Dexter was dying six years ago, he called Dr. Bob to his bedside and asked him to look after his twin girls. The doctor adopted the two girls, then eighteen, and called them "bachelor's children." He married Ruth, the quieter of the two girls, while Janet married his best friend, Sam Ryder, and today the two couples live next door to each other. It was Dr. Bob who found Michael Kent in a snow storm and befriended him. Michael is accused of murdering his wife and Dr. Bob is trying to prove him innocent. Everyone always turns to Dr. Bob in time of trouble.

(Played by Hugh Studebaker)



RUTH ANN GRAHAM'S quiet and logical nature often acts as a check rein on the temperamental spirit of her twin sister, Janet. Ruth and Janet are very close and although Janet often flies off the handle her affection for her sister remains steadfast. Ruth fell in love with Dr. Bob the minute she met him, although he's much older than she. Shortly after her marriage to Dr. Bob, Ruth discovered that he had not been in love with her when they were married and, her pride deeply hurt, she left him. Later, however, Dr. Bob convinced her that he had really loved her without realizing it himself, and they were happily reunited. Ruth is a writer and some time ago wrote a book called "Bachelor's Children." It's all about her life and Janet's with Dr. Bob, and it will soon be published. Ruth is very fond of Michael Kent, the boy her husband is helping, and is also doing all she can to clear his name. Her love for Dr. Bob has grown with the years and his devotion has made up for any doubts she ever had about him.

(Played by Marjorie Hannan)

JANET RYDER is impulsive, quick tempered but lovable. She is married to Sam Ryder and although they spat a great deal, they defy anyone to say they are not ideally suited to one another, and are a very happy married couple. Janet is the sort of person who loves to make a great show of defending her rights, but will end up sacrificing her own feelings so as not to hurt another's. On the day young Michael Kent's wife, Dottie, was murdered, Janet overheard the couple quarreling. Dottie had just poisoned Michael's dog and Janet heard Michael say, "I could kill you for that." On the witness stand she was forced to tell what she had heard. Until recently, Janet ran her own interior decorating shop, but Sam objected to her working, so at last she gave it up and now devotes all her time to being just a wife.
 (Played by Patricia Dunlap)



SAM RYDER never thought Janet would ever consent to marry him although he loved her dearly. So he became engaged to another girl. One day when they were out riding, their car broke down and they were forced to take shelter in a home where a child was sick with Scarlet Fever. They both were quarantined twenty-eight days, and it was then that Janet discovered she was in love with Sam. He broke off his engagement and they were married. Sam has tried his hand at a number of professions but is now a radio announcer. Sam likes to tell amusing stories and keep people smiling. Sometimes his light-hearted jokes are too much for Janet and they scrap with each other fiercely. But after a few pots and pans are tossed about, they go back to being more in love than ever before.
 (Played by Olan Soule)



ELLEN COLLINS is Dr. Bob's housekeeper. Ellen is quite bossy but everyone adores her and considers her a member of the family. Her first loyalty is to Dr. Bob whom Ellen has taken care of ever since he was a boy of eight and anyone who dares to cross him incurs her wrath. Not long ago, the doctor bought a dictaphone and hired a secretary to work with him on recording cases. Ellen suddenly appeared on the scene, berated the secretary, tried to run the machine herself and ruined it. After this fiasco, she claimed nobody appreciated her and wanted to leave. These are regular occurrences with Ellen. Now she feels responsible for Michael Kent's trouble because it was she who gave Michael the farm on which the murder was committed. Ellen's completely old-fashioned and slightly neurotic, but keeps things buzzing about the Graham household and is idolized by Dr. Bob and the twins
 (Played by Marie Nelson)

"Show me how to live!" she pleaded in her loneliness, never dreaming when she mailed her daring letter that one who led others to happiness could be lonely too

THAT NIGHT I wrote the letter I was lonely—perfectly lonely and wretched was what I told myself—and I tried hard to put it all down on that piece of paper. I read it over and over when I'd finished and it seemed to say what I meant, especially those last two paragraphs.

"So you see, Mr. Monday,"—that was what I wrote—"all I want to know is how to keep the cat from getting my tongue whenever I go out with a boy, and how to stop myself from saying the wrong thing whenever I do say something.

"I've been listening to you every Monday night for a long time and mostly I think your advice is awfully good. If you can just help me, too, I'll be grateful forever.

"Yours very truly, Grace Jones." Of course, I realized the "Yours very truly" was a little formal, after I'd poured out my heart in the letter, but I felt it was better that way. The mere fact that I'd had the courage to write it was a personal triumph, and I sealed it up and hurried out to post it before I changed my mind.

It was strange, how exciting it was to mail that letter—as if I were starting something new, cutting the strings of the past. There was another reason, too—no one in the world except myself knew I'd written it, not even Mary Montague, my room-mate. That was curious, because it had been Mary's idea in the first place.

We've been room-mates, Mary and I, for a long time, and we work in the same office. And yet we're as different as shadows and sunlight. Mary is—the only word is lovely. But she's more than that, she's smart and sophisticated and always knows the right things to say. And she has golden hair that flops over her shoulders and large blue eyes and the way she wears clothes—

Maybe you can understand how it is. I'm just the opposite from Mary. My hair is a dusty shade of brown and my eyes are hazel some-

times and other times they're green and no one especially minds what color they are anyway. Please don't think I'm pitying myself. It's just that I know the sort of person I am.

The whole thing had started the night before. Mary and her fiancé, Preston Knight—he's an executive in one of the two local radio stations—were going out to some party. Mary looked stunning in her long black sleeveless dress and Preston stood there admiring her and then he turned to me and flashed one of those handsome smiles.

"What are you going to do tonight, Grace?" he asked.

I was sitting over on the sofa, pretending to be interested in the evening paper. I glanced at him and said, "Oh, tonight I listen to Mr. Monday. I never miss him, you know."

Preston looked the tiniest bit puzzled. "You don't mean that fellow who gives advice to the love-lorn? That—"

But Mary lifted her hand and stopped him. "Now, Pres," she said, her tone reproving, and I saw the look that went between them. A little later, on their way out, Mary was talking in a low voice. "Pres, you shouldn't have said anything against—"

The door closed and I couldn't hear any more. But I knew what she was saying. Mr. Monday was one of my favorites and Pres shouldn't talk against him even if Pres thought he was terrible, because the program was one of the few bits of excitement in my week.

Mary was like that. She hadn't said anything but I knew she was worried about me and the fact that boys simply didn't seem attracted to me and I practically never had dates. I knew she'd been thinking about it because I know her pretty well. We'd been together four years and were very close, even though in recent months we hadn't seen too much of each other, because Mary was out almost every night with Preston, and during the day she's

Only You Can Help

For a moment he didn't speak and then he said falteringly, "Miss—Miss—are you Miss Grace Jones?"

secretary to one of the vice-presidents and I'm a typist out in the main office.

When Mary got home that night she came into my room and sat on the bottom of the bed and began to tell me how I ought to get out more and stop cooping myself up in four walls and wasting away. I guessed they had talked about me that evening. I said sure, I'd love to get out more and how did I go about it? She said she thought it might be because I didn't know how to get along with men too well and I said I thought she was right.

"You know what I'd do if I were you, Grace?" She spoke slowly. "I'd write that fellow you listen to on the radio—Mr. Monday. Tell him your problem. You put a lot of faith in his advice, and he may be just the one to tell you what to do."

It was true I liked to listen to him, liked his way of going to the heart of the problem. He had a dynamic way of talking, and his advice always had a lift to it. Still, writing to a stranger, putting my heart down on paper—I shook my head.

"I can't do it, Mary. It might be smart. But it's out of the question."

Mary didn't say any more about it. She told me about the party that night and the people they'd met and then she said goodnight and went off to bed.

I thought over the idea, after she'd gone. Lay there in the dark and debated with myself. I felt a little ashamed to think I might have to write somebody to ask how to live, but I knew it was foolish to look at it that way. Mr. Monday might be able to give me the advice I



needed. Might be able to help me find some of the romance I wanted. After all, giving advice was his business.

I was still wavering about it, whether I should do it or not. I didn't mention it the next morning. But the next evening when Mary was out, I was alone in the apartment and almost before I knew what was happening, I sat down and wrote the letter.

MARY came in around midnight and was surprised to find me still sitting up in the living room. "This is unusual, darling. Anything wrong?"

I explained I was restless. I couldn't tell her that merely sending that letter had been something of an event and I hadn't wanted to go to bed. In fact, I couldn't tell her about the letter at all. This was something I had to do by myself. Maybe it would show me the way.

Mary started getting undressed. She looked at me curiously, almost suspiciously. "Haven't changed your mind about writing that letter?"

"Oh, of course not." I tried to sound as if the idea was so ridiculous I hadn't even given it a second thought, and I must have been convincing because Mary said nothing more about it.

Monday night came and I tried to hide my eagerness in the early evening. After Mary and Pres had gone I practically clung to the radio waiting for Mr. Monday and wondering if he'd talk about my letter. Finally, he came on. He took up letter after letter, but he never once mentioned the one from me. It got closer and closer to the end of the program and I began to realize—he wasn't going to mention mine. I found myself making excuses—he naturally got hundreds of letters, he couldn't answer them all in a half hour program. Maybe he had to put some off to the next week. But a voice inside me started saying maybe it was because my problem wasn't important, maybe there wasn't any problem because there simply wasn't any love or romance there.

Angrily, I shut the radio off.

But it came the next morning. A letter. A letter sent from the radio station, and the handwriting on the envelope was masculine.

I found it when I went out to get the milk and the mail. Probably it shouldn't have meant as much to me as I made it mean—but my hands were trembling as I tore it open.

What I read inside was such a surprise I had to sit down and read it over three times before I could

be certain my eyes weren't playing tricks on me.

"Dear Miss Jones (it began): I have been thinking about your problem and I've decided it isn't the sort of question I can discuss well over the radio. It's too personal—and too important. You say you've been a listener of mine for a long time and that makes me feel almost as if we were already friends.

"I wonder if I dare ask you to have dinner with me tomorrow night? We can meet by the fountain in the center of Johnson Square, where there won't be many people so we won't be likely to miss each other. If you don't feel you can make it, would you just drop me a note and say no? But I hope you won't do that, I hope you can make it, and if you can I will be most happy. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall be waiting by the fountain tomorrow evening at seven.

Looking forward to meeting you,
Very faithfully yours,

Robert Wilmington

"Mr. Monday"

Robert Wilmington—so that was his real name! And he wanted me to have dinner with him! I stared at that letter a long, long time, and finally I just gasped out loud, "Of all things!"

Mary came into the room, looking very sleepy and cute. "Of all things—what?" she demanded. "Or have you taken to talking to yourself?"

"Nothing," I told her, hastily stuffing the letter into the pocket of my dressing gown. "You better start getting dressed or you'll be late."

The letter was puzzling and disturbing. I couldn't make up my mind what to think. One moment it sounded like a wonderful adventure, and the next, I'd find myself frightened. After all, I'd never met him and didn't know what he was like, really. Then I'd tell myself he wasn't a complete stranger and besides, he was famous and everyone knew him. At last I made up my mind that whatever happened—I had to keep that date.

The multitude of errors I made at the office that day and the next brought me a severe calling-down from my boss, who had the temerity to suggest he thought I was in love, the way I was acting.

It was lucky, the next night, that Mary had gone from the office to some

cocktail party, so that I had the apartment to myself, and didn't have to spend time dodging Mary's questions. I spent a full hour dressing and fixing and getting rid of the grime of the office and trying to make myself beautiful.

The result was—well, the result wasn't as bad as it could have been. I won't say I could have held a candle to Mary, because I couldn't. But I had bought a new light blue spring suit that fitted me perfectly and this was the first time I'd worn it.

All the time I was dressing, I was thinking about him, wondering what he'd be like, wondering why he had asked me to go out with him.

I was only five minutes early and that wasn't too bad although I knew I shouldn't really be early at all. He wasn't there. No one was there except the fountain and me. I began to be nervous. Suppose it were some joke, suppose he didn't come at all? Off in the distance, I heard the great bells of a church chime out seven o'clock with slow ponderous strokes. It was beginning to be twilight and the shadows of the leaves were heavy.

There were footsteps coming closer. Out of the shadows came the figure of a man. He wasn't any tall, handsome giant. Only about medium height, and his hat brim made it difficult to see his face.

About five feet away from me, he stopped and glanced around him and then he saw me and he seemed startled. For a moment he didn't speak and then he said, falteringly, "Miss—Miss—are you Miss Grace Jones?"

I hardly know how to describe the way I felt. Here I'd been trembling at the thought of going out with *Continued on page 56*

Presenting

AMANDA of HONEYMOON HILL

The heroine of one of radio's most delightful dramas is a beautiful red-haired girl who has always lived in the Virginia mountains, ignorant of the modern world. When Edward Leighton, son of an aristocratic Southern family, met her, he was captivated by her loveliness and married her, bringing her to Honeymoon House. Here, in a completely new world, and despite the objections of her husband's people, Amanda has kept Edward's love and given him a son.

Tune in the Blue Network, Monday through Friday, 11:15 A.M., EWT.



MOUND BAYOU

You won't stop humming this haunting Southern melody, featured by songstress Vera Barton and bandleader Walter Gross on their CBS broadcasts

Lyrics by Andy Razaf
Music by Leonard Feather

Slowly (with feeling)

Cry - in' on my pil - low, Droop - in' like a wil - low,

Feel just like a fish that's cast up on the shore Wait - in' for the tide to take it

home once more_ Though a - sleep or wak - in'

My poor heart keeps ach - in' - When you see me walk - ing

with my head way down, It's be-cause I miss my Miss - is - sip - pi town.

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Chorus

MOUND BA - YOU I feel blue and all in, MOUND BA - YOU

I can hear you call - in' All my friends are luc - ky to be way back there,

If they knew what I've been through they'd stay back there MOUND BA - YOU

got to co-ver ground for MOUND BA - YOU That's the town I'm bound for Wish my arms were long enough here!

what I'd do I'd reach and wrap them gent - ly 'round my MOUND BAYOU. MOUND BAYOU.

RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

Goodbye, Dearest

LT always hurt Johnny so because he couldn't afford to buy me jewelry, and furs, and dinners in the most expensive restaurants, and a home on the Bluff, where the really successful people of our town lived. It hurt him, our poverty, too much. Not greed for himself, but this inner pain, was really responsible for what happened to us.

Often in the mornings, when he was only half awake, before he'd had time to build his daytime defenses, he would nuzzle his head into the hollow of my shoulder and say, "I don't see why you still love me! I've let you down so!"

"You haven't at all!" I would cry softly. "Don't say such things, Johnny. All you need is time. And a chance. I know it!"

"Time!"
To him, the two years since he had graduated from law school seemed so very, very long. To me, they seemed short—because I thought of them only as the two years we had been married.

We had a one-room apartment—and perhaps the furniture in it was shabby and tasteless, but I didn't care, because I'd made bright curtains to go over the windows, and had hung a few of my own pictures on the walls. That made it our home. Anyway, we were only there at night. Every day I went with

The tragic thing was that she loved him so desperately. And yet—simply because she loved him—she had the courage to leave Johnny. It was the only way she could save him from disaster

Johnny to the tiny office he had downtown and worked with him as his "secretary"—not that he really needed one, most times, except to dictate long briefs about imaginary cases that never would be tried.

I felt desperately sorry for him sometimes, watching the slow days tarnish his dreams of success. Impossible that all his talent, his brilliant mind which had won honors for him in school, should be left unnoticed, wasted! But sometimes a week would pass without a single client pushing open the office door—and then would come only a seedy man with a contract or lease to be drawn, a bill to be collected. Almost

Adapted by Adele Whitely Fletcher from the First Nighter radio drama first heard over CBS, at 9:30 P.M., EWT, Friday nights, sponsored by Campana's Italian Balm.

an insult, to be offered these small affairs, when what he really dreamed of was standing before a jury, swaying it with his words.

That's why Mrs. Tonelli was important. Although she was only a frightened little Italian woman, when she walked into Johnny's office she brought hope with her. Hope for the future.

Her little boy had been playing in the street when Matt Kennedy's car, with Kennedy at its wheel, had turned the corner, had come whizzing down upon the little group of children, who scattered and ran—all except one: little Joe Tonelli.

"Now my Joe will always have the limp," Mrs. Tonelli said painfully. "I ask Mr. Matt Kennedy will he pay for the bone doctor and the good hospital. But he says my kid belongs in the City Hospital where it's free, and he tells me I'm crazy, it was my kid's fault. But," she gestured excitedly, "other people, lotsa

That week-end was glorious. We walked miles; then rode back in a wheel-chair.

people, there in the street—they see what happen, they know it's Mr. Matt Kennedy's fault!"

It didn't matter to Johnny that Mrs. Tonelli was poor and Matt Kennedy was rich and powerful. He took the case. He was sure he could win it, with the witnesses who had seen the accident and with his own flaming belief in the justice of American law.

He forgot one thing. He forgot that witnesses can be bought.

One after the other they came to the stand—those two men and one woman who had been in the street and seen Matt Kennedy's car run

down little Joe Tonelli. One after the other they contradicted the story they had told the boy's mother and—later, in private conferences—Johnny himself. Mr. Artz, the shoemaker, hadn't been able to see very well from his shop window. Young Julio Menendez had been standing in front of the pool room and had been able to see very well indeed—so well that he was sure Joe had run out in front of the car. And Mrs. Dimmick, who had been walking along the street with a market-basket over her arm, couldn't be quite certain, but she thought things had happened just exactly as Julio

Menendez had described them.

It isn't the years we live that make us old; it's the things that happen to us in those years. In that hour, with the cold impersonality of the courtroom as background, I saw all the brightness drain out of Johnny's face and the gray of fatigue and failure settle there. And when the jury, after being out less than half an hour, brought in a verdict clearing Matt Kennedy of all blame, I watched Johnny walk stiffly into an anteroom. I was afraid to follow him, afraid to let him know I had seen the bitter defeat in his eyes.

Yet if anyone had ever deserved to win a case, it had been Johnny. The straight-forward, lucid way he had addressed the jury, the way he had handled even these witnesses, had proved his ability. You knew, watching him and listening to him, that here was a man born to the law as other men are born to painting, or to music.

I must tell him that, I promised myself, the minute he came back to the office. It would make him feel better—would revive, a little, the hope that had been so grievously wounded.

But he didn't return to the office until late in the afternoon . . . and when he did, there was no need for me to tell him anything of the sort.

I knew the minute I saw him that he'd reconciled himself to something. It was in his voice. It was in his eyes.

"I've got a job!" he announced—but he didn't sound exultant. He put his arms around me and press-



ed his cheek against mine, so that its roughness pricked my skin. "I'm going to make a hundred dollars a week—every week!"

"Johnny!" I threw my head back so I could see his face, and joy fought with doubt in my voice. "Who—what—?"

"With Kennedy!" he said. Then, quickly—"He saw me in court. He liked the way I handled the case. We had a long talk, afterwards, and he said—"

Unthinkingly, I was slipping out of his arms. I couldn't believe it was Johnny, saying these things—telling me he was going to work for Matt Kennedy. Matt Kennedy who was a bad odor in the nostrils of all decent people in our city, Matt Kennedy who had never once run for public office but who picked many of the men who did, Matt Kennedy whose influence was felt on paving contracts, in schools, in hospitals, Matt Kennedy the political boss. But Johnny knew all this as well as I.

"You don't like it," Johnny said flatly.

"No . . . Didn't you know I wouldn't?"

He turned away, shoulders drooping. "I suppose I did. I don't like it too well myself. That is, I—No!" he broke off suddenly, almost angrily. "That's not true. I do like it! What I don't like is losing cases I should have won, and being as poor as poverty and sitting here day after day waiting for something to happen and seeing you go around in a coat that's like tissue-paper! Those are the things I don't like. This is my chance to get away from them, and I'm going to take it!"

"But Johnny," I pleaded. "You know what kind of a man Matt

Kennedy is—how he makes his money. Even if you didn't know before, you found out this morning when your witnesses perjured themselves—"

"Part of the deal with Kennedy," Johnny interrupted harshly, "was for him to send Mrs. Tonelli a check. I insisted on that."

"I'm glad," I told him, "that Mrs. Tonelli is getting what she deserves—and it was sweet of you to think of her. But forcing that money out of Kennedy isn't going to buy you an easy conscience, not for long, anyhow. You're too fine, Johnny, to be mixed up with a man like that. And you don't *have* to be! You're clever enough to be a success the hard way . . . the right way!"

I **P**POURED all my love and faith into that plea. But all Johnny said was, "It isn't enough to be smart. I know that now."

I put on my hat and coat, and we went out of the office. The question of Johnny's job with Matt Kennedy went with us. But it was not really a question—not any longer. It was something that had been decided. Johnny's attitude told me that. Even though I didn't want him to, even though he himself knew he shouldn't, he was going to accept. He was going to start making a hundred dollars a week as one of Kennedy's lawyers.

We'd had our quarrels, Johnny and I, in two years of marriage—brief, violent clashes, over things which seemed important at the time. But this new estrangement was something very different from a quarrel. It had its roots down deep, down in the very foundations of our beings. It was too big to be expressed in anger or tears. It was present in every word each of us spoke to the other, it was a backdrop to our lives from that day on.

All this was true and yet—with another part of me, the purely feminine and human part, I could enjoy the things Johnny's new salary brought me. I could be excited by our new living room with its pale green walls, by the chintz curtains I bought, blending yellow and apricot and green. It was good to see Johnny in his new tweeds, and to watch him tamping fragrant tobacco into his pipe and to smell the richness when he put a match to it. I loved my new clothes—the gray spring suit, the black hat and shoes and gloves, the dress of navy blue silk with its crisp white frill.

The adventure of having money, after so many months of scrimping and saving! Even such a little thing as going with Johnny to a very grand delicatessen and buying

smoked turkey, about which we had long been curious, was thrilling because we'd never been able to do it before.

One Friday in the spring Johnny telephoned from his office. "Pack-a-bag," he said. "I just got a little bonus and we're going to the seashore for the week-end. I'll be home in time to take you to the four-o'clock train."

That was all, but it was enough to send me running to the closet, pulling open dresser drawers, ironing this and brushing that. And at the last minute I had to move the satin slippers that went with my green dinner dress to make room for the huge bottle of perfume Johnny brought me, together with violets to wear high on my shoulder.

That week-end was glorious. We had a room overlooking the sea. We breakfasted there, on strawberries and cream, chicken hash, brioches, and coffee—at a table in a sunny window. We walked miles, to the end of the board-walk, to lunch at a special oyster bar, and then rode back slowly in a wheelchair pushed by a uniformed attendant. At night we dressed up and dined downstairs at the hotel, and danced for a while, and then went back upstairs, to sleep, lulled by the soft, sensuous boom of the sea.

Maybe, I thought, I was being foolish. I was married to a man I adored, and I was adored by him. He was getting along in the world, bringing rich and lovely gifts to his wife and laying them at her feet, as men have done since the beginning of time. Why worry, as Johnny said, because Kennedy wasn't a Sunday-school superintendent? The world isn't run along Sunday-school lines . . .

I caught my wandering thoughts, aghast at where they were leading me. I mustn't let myself start believing all those comfortable, comforting lies. Right was right and wrong was wrong, and there could be no compromise between the two.

"But aren't you compromising?" something whispered to me. "You know that what Johnny is doing is wrong, but you go on accepting the benefits of it. Aren't you, really, as guilty as he?"

I thrust that thought aside, but still I was frightened. I saw now how easy it was to accept the ease and fun and unworried loving that Johnny's fortunes had made possible for us, without considering the source from which those fortunes came.

I think I knew then what I must eventually do. *Continued on page 53*





After Jimmie's Blue Network broadcast and Bobbe's day of war work, they meet at Barclay's Kitchen for dinner.

Love at second sight

AS HE shrugged into his dinner coat that evening of late December and gave his tie an irritable jerk—as usual he'd had trouble with it—Jimmie Fidler, rapidly rising radio commentator on Hollywood, its denizens and doings, muttered to himself disgustedly.

He didn't want to meet any new girl, even though she was a popular New York artist's model and witty and interesting and all the rest of the adjectives. He'd been married and divorced. Now that he was a single man again, he determined to stay single. He hadn't dated more than two or three girls in the past couple of years. As for having a "blind date," he wondered where his mind had been when he told Charlie Smith, the radio executive, that he would come to dinner to

It started off badly, this blind date—and then suddenly Jimmie Fidler beheld a vision, and knew that this was the girl who meant everything to him

By **MARIAN RHEA**

meet a strange girl. Also, to cap the climax, he was second choice. The Smiths had asked John Swallow, another friend in radio, to be the dinner partner of the glamorous Miss Roberta Law, but at the last minute Swallow had been unable to come. With the result that Jimmie had been called in as a substitute.

"I ought to have my mind examined," he told himself, wrathfully.

Upon his arrival at the Smiths', he found the guest of honor was late. So they had a cocktail while he listened to extensive eulogies of Miss Law.

"You'll be crazy about her," Mrs. Smith told him.

Jimmie smiled, sardonically. "The devil I will," was what he had in mind to say, but he just took another drink instead and kept still. The Smiths were good friends of his.

Finally, the doorbell rang and he heard the butler say, "Yes, Miss. This way." An instant later a small, dark girl, dressed in red, appeared in the doorway. She wasn't a bit pretty, Jimmie thought, almost with satisfaction. Blind dates never were pretty, of course, or they wouldn't be blind dates. They'd get themselves a man instead of having someone do it for them. This girl carried *Continued on page 58*

When a Girl Marries

It seemed the end of their honeymoon and life had lost its sweetness.

Why should the unhappiness of another woman fill Joan with such foreboding?

THE STORY

A HONEYMOON house is a world to itself, a place of laughter and happiness. But it is a fragile world, and sometimes it crumbles and falls apart when it is invaded by anyone except the two people to whom it belongs. . . .

It was several months after her marriage that Joan Davis answered the doorbell to find Eve Stanley waiting outside. Eve was Joan's oldest friend, but the two girls hadn't seen each other since Joan's marriage, and in the meantime Eve had been married too—to Phil Stanley, who had been engaged to Joan until she met Harry Davis. Now



In thrilling fiction form by Helen Irwin Dowdey, read Elaine Corrington's popular radio serial, heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EWT, sponsored by General Foods Corp. Illustrations posed by the cast—Mary Jane Higby as Joan, John Roby as Harry, Michael Fitzmaurice as Phil.

Eve had come with an invitation to dinner.

Harry agreed unenthusiastically to go with Joan to the Stanleys'. The money he made as a young lawyer, he objected, didn't allow them to run with the set to which Joan had belonged before she became his wife. Instinctively, he dreaded leaving his home to brave the scrutiny and possible resentment of the people who had been Joan's friends and who, he felt, thought she had made a poor bargain in choosing him instead of the wealthy Phil Stanley.

The dinner-party was a failure. Phil didn't come home until dinner was over, and when he did arrive he was just intoxicated enough to spend the evening making pointed remarks which indicated he was still smarting under the loss of Joan. That these remarks were all insults to his wife, he apparently neither knew nor cared.

He came to see Joan the next day, to apologize, and was so humble that she asked him to have lunch with her in the kitchen. It was on this unintentionally domestic scene that Eve appeared a few minutes later, when she dropped in to ask Joan to go shopping. In hurt, jealous anger, she turned and ran away before Joan or Phil could explain.

Joan and Harry spent another miserable evening out, this time with Julia and Don King, two other old friends of Joan's. Without meaning to, Don in some heavy-handed raillery increased Harry's ever-present sense of inferiority. It didn't help, either, that when they

returned home, near midnight, they found Phil Stanley waiting for them. "I've got to see you, Joan," he said. "Everything's wrong. Maybe you weren't so smart, getting me to marry Eve."

NOW," Harry demanded, "just what is this all about?"

He had switched on the lights in the living room and, as he turned around, Joan blinked. She was looking at a Harry she had never seen before. This was no tender, laughing husband. This was a courtroom lawyer—grim, driving, almost inimical. She knew suddenly how witnesses feel under cross-examination.

Phil felt it too. He lit a cigarette

and defiantly threw the match toward the fireplace. "Eve and I are breaking up. That's what it's about."

"What did you mean by what you just said about Joan?"

"I never would have married Eve in the first place, if Joan hadn't suggested it. And tonight I told Eve so!"

"You what?" The cry burst simultaneously from both of them.

"What are you looking at me like that for? It's true, isn't it?"

"It's not true!" Joan cried. "I never did any such thing. I only suggested that you run around with Eve. I never said anything about marrying her."

"It's the same thing," Phil said stubbornly. "You practically threw

her at my head."

"It's not the same thing at all. You've got to go to her right now and tell her it isn't true. I'll go to her and I'll tell her!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" Harry's voice cut in like a whiplash. "You stay out of it. Phil's got to do it himself."

"I'm not going back to that house. I've said everything I'm going to."

"No, you haven't." Harry said steadily. The two men stared at each other. Although neither made a movement, Joan had the feeling they were circling one another like gladiators. "You've blamed my wife for something she didn't do. You used her name where you had no right to. And you're going to Eve and tell her so. Furthermore, you're going to make her believe you."

Suddenly Phil's gaze dropped. All his sudden defiance went out of him. He dropped heavily onto the divan and put his head in his hands. "You're right," he said in a muffled voice. "I've made a mess of things."

"You can undo it," Joan urged. "All you have to do is tell Eve you said something that wasn't true, in anger."

"It's not as simple as that. Eve's jealous of you—terribly so. She knows how I feel—how I felt—about you, and that you've always known she loved me. Since that day she found us together here, she thinks I come running to you every time I leave the house. We quarrel a lot anyway, and tonight when she threw you up to me again I—well, I just lost my head," he said miserably. "I guess I was trying to blame somebody else for a mistake I made."

Joan put her hand on his shoulder. "Please don't call your marriage a mistake. You and Eve got off on the wrong foot and you haven't been able to get back to the right one. Once everything is straightened out, you'll be happy."

"You really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. Marriage is big. It's wonderful. You can't toss it aside because there are—difficulties at first."

"The main thing to straighten out," Harry said firmly, "is that Eve has any reason to be jealous of Joan. That's got to be done right now."

"Well," Phil got up, "she probably won't believe me, but I'll try."

All the careless good humor that had made him so charming in the old days was gone. He looked bitter and unhappy and—somehow—defeated. He had come here tonight full of rage, Joan thought. Rage at life, at not having things easy, at having to struggle. Now, with the rage washed out of him, strength

Phil was broiling steaks over the outdoor grill when Joan arrived. "Hi!" he said. "Where's Harry?"



seemed washed out, too. He would have to learn to find his weapons. Her heart ached for Eve, who loved him too possessively, and for him who demanded too much and gave too little.

He looked at Harry, his eyes full of apology. "I'm sorry for getting you two involved. I won't bother you any more. Eve and I will have to work it out in our own way."

"I know you can," Harry said.

And Joan repeated it as she took him to the door. He looked down at her, smiling a little. "Sweet little Joanie," he said softly. "Always straightening me out."

When she came back into the living room, Harry was wearily taking off his coat and tie. "Let's get to bed," he said.

"Can't we talk a while? Can't we sort of get ourselves calmed down?"

"I'm dog-tired, Joan. And the sooner we forget this evening, the better."

"But you seem so unhappy. So worried." *And so far away from me.*

"Who wouldn't be unhappy? First the needling of the Kings at dinner

—and now this mess. I wish to heaven we'd never laid eyes on any of them!"

"But, Harry, the Kings didn't mean to be rude. And poor Phil was so upset he got us involved without thinking."

Harry was already walking toward the bedroom. "I don't want us to be involved! We were getting along all right, without people. We were happy. And then—" He disappeared into the closet, leaving the sentence hanging.

"You mean 'and then I wanted to see old friends and now it's a mess.' That's not fair!"

"I didn't say that."

"You implied it. I'm not to blame for what happened at dinner or that Phil and Eve don't get along."

"No, but if you hadn't wanted to see them again this would never have happened."

"I think," she said stiffly, "it's perfectly natural to want to see people you've known all your life. Just because—"

"Oh, don't let's argue. That Ashbey case is coming up in a few days, and I've got to get some sleep."

And so it ended. Without the special goodnight kiss. Without the ritual of seeing who would open the window and who would wind the clock. It ended with each in his

separate bed, lying sleepless and hurt and alone, looking forward to a bleak tomorrow.

Life had lost its sweetness. The next day Joan felt listless and out of sorts. Housework, for the first time, seemed unexciting. She broke one of the crockery plates that were her special pride, and when she went to do her Saturday marketing the store was so crowded the clerk made two mistakes.

Then her heart lightened at the thought that tomorrow would be Sunday—the most precious day of the week because she and Harry could spend all of it together. And this particular Sunday was more precious than most. They needed it desperately—sleeping late, the long, leisurely breakfast, a drive into the country. The intimacy of the shared, familiar pattern would ease the strain between them, bring them back to the oneness that had been so harshly interrupted. Tonight Harry would be too tired to talk. But tomorrow . . .

But tomorrow, Harry rushed through breakfast. Instead of drying dishes in gay camaraderie, he apologetically cleared off the table in the living room and spread out books and papers. "I've got to work a while, honey. It won't take me long."

Three hours later when she looked in on him, he was buried in a law tome, his face creased in such concentration he didn't even hear her. Joan re-read the paper. She manicured her nails and tried a new hair-do, not very successfully. She made out a list of things to do tomorrow and hemmed a dress. Finally she played solitaire. When Harry pushed back his papers and rose with a sigh, it was nearly dark.

Joan looked at him reproachfully. "Our one day together, and you haven't even addressed a word to me."

"Gee, honey, I'm sorry. But this case is so important—"

"More important than anything?" She looked up at him, her face puckered like a child fighting back the tears.

He took her in his arms, contrite and explanatory, but somehow it didn't work. The mood she'd looked forward to wasn't there. They weren't indivisible any more. They were two individuals, with different desires and feelings, and that was a new frightening knowledge. They fought against it. They tried to recapture what had been. But the very struggle seemed to separate them further.

"Something's wrong," Joan thought miserably. "Something's terribly *Continued on page 63*

This was the only day they could be together—and here she was unhappily playing solitaire while Harry was buried in a law book.





Joan Davis

*Whose impulsive generosity
was sometimes disastrous.*

Something Refreshing



Feeling low—appetite jaded? Try an orange banana milk shake, above. It's nourishing and cooling. Right, and for that needed Vitamin C, combine fruit juices for this apricot citrus punch.

ONE of the very good things about the next few weeks is the fact that none of us will have any trouble in getting plenty of the important Vitamin C. Its most important source is citrus fruits, and what could be pleasanter during the summer than long, cooling drinks made from orange and grapefruit juice—particularly when you know they're so good for you?

Even if you're an iced tea fan, you'll find that this favorite combines with fruit juice to make a doubly delicious drink. For instance, there's—

Orange Iced Tea

- 6 oranges (juice)
- 6 cups hot tea
- 3 tsps. sugar
- 1 sprig mint (more or less, to taste)
- 6 cloves
- 1 tbl. grated orange rind.

Crush the mint and sugar together, add cloves and orange rind and cover with hot tea. Chill, strain and combine with orange juice and serve in tall glasses filled with cracked ice and garnish with mint leaves.



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday show at 8:00 P. M., E.W.T., both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.



Along with these delicious drinks there's nothing better to satisfy that between-meals hunger than a supply of cookies. And a variety of flavors and forms can be made from a single basic recipe.

Orange Banana Milk Shake

- ½ cup orange juice
- 1 fully ripe banana
- ½ cup milk
- Sugar as required

Slice banana and mash with fork. Add milk and beat with egg beater until smooth. Add orange juice and continue beating until well blended.

Apricot Citrus Punch

- 1 cup apricot juice
- 1 cup grapefruit juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- Cherries
- Mint

Combine juices (if canned juices are used, chill in refrigerator in cans before blending) and blend well. Serve over cracked ice, garnish with mint sprigs and cherries.

But sometimes a drink alone isn't

enough to satisfy that between-meals hunger, and then there's nothing better than a supply of cookies. Now, with every one of us on the alert to stretch the sugar budget, perhaps you may think the suggestion of cookies an extravagant one. It isn't, though. In the first place, I can't think of anything that gives you more value for your sugar money than cookies. In the second place—and this is the important one from our rationing standpoint—the cookie collection that follows makes practically no inroad on our sugar supply, for these cookies utilize other sweetening ingredients and even

Continued on page 51

"KNOCK ON WOOD"

ARE you superstitious? Do you knock on wood for good luck? Do you avoid walking under a ladder, or lighting three cigarettes on one match? Do you shy clear of the number 13? Well, almost everyone has some sort of superstition, yet few people know the origin of those superstitions—or why they do them. It has been my hobby to seek out the stories of how superstitions began, and I have tracked down over 80,000 of these origins.

I have found that the most common superstition is the practice of knocking on wood for good luck. The origin of touching wood is a hang-over from tree-worship; it was the symbol of life, death and resurrection, and believed to be the abode of kindly disposed gods.

The ancient Druids worshiped the trees and touched wood as an appeal to their Gods. So the modern superstition of knocking on wood is really calling on the spirits of the trees to help you.

The ladder is an ancient symbol evolved by the early Egyptians believed to be the vehicle for kindly disposed supernatural beings to travel back and forth from earth to heaven, and heaven to earth . . . the god of the ladder, Horus, protected those who



Mme. Claudia de Lys, world's foremost authority on superstitions, tells the truth about them in a Hobby Lobby interview on the CBS network

wore his ladder-symbol, after death, by helping them climb to the land of heavenly bliss. So by walking under the ladder, you were violating the divine triangle which would bring down the fury of the Gods.

As for the superstition that breaking a mirror means seven years bad luck—that also started in ancient times when people believed that a person's soul lived in any reflection. So break-

ing a mirror was breaking the reflection and meant death.

How do you feel about the number 13? I've traced this superstition back to a Scandinavian legend. The warrior, Loki, was the God of evil and he attended a banquet given by twelve other Gods. During the banquet, Loki killed one of the Gods with an arrow. And since he, Loki, was the thirteenth guest, the number 13 became an omen of bad luck.

Origin of counting was the tally system—triangularity of 3's and squareness of 4's—in the number 12, making it a divine symbol, in early times, and 13, taboo. India is the origin of the taboo, where odd numbers are unlucky, beginning with 13.

Many of our rules of etiquette and politeness started as superstitions. For instance, the practice of covering your mouth when yawning dates back to our primitive ancestors, who did this to prevent evil demons from jumping down their throats. Also, centuries ago, it was the belief that if anyone pointed his finger at a person he was asking the devil to visit his fury on the person being pointed at.

Now after collecting more than 80,000 superstitions I'm not a bit superstitious, but just in case any of the evil spirits are reading this, I'll play safe and knock on wood.

Two Madly Flattering
SUMMER SHADES

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder

For Blondes—"DUSK ROSE." Gorgeous new soft rose-beige. Sure-fire glamour with the wonderful rosy undertones of sun-kissed blondes.

For Brunettes—"DARK RACHEL." Richest of all 6 new Dreamflower shades. Makes toasty brunette tan look velvety—but unpowdered!

You'll adore Pond's new "misty-soft" Dreamflower texture . . . and the adorable new **BIG** Dreamflower box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Such a lovely powder! Pond's new Dreamflower shades are so fresh and sweet—and the new texture is ideally smooth and soft-looking on my skin."
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—stays on Longer

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Actual 10¢ size!
(There's a larger size, too)

FREE! 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 6RM-PC, Clinton, Conn.

Just so I can be absolutely sure to get the Dreamflower shade perfect for me, please send me **FREE SAMPLES** of all 6 of Pond's new Dreamflower Powders, including Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel.

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HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR RADIO

By Joel Tall

YOU may not be able to get another radio set very soon, so the next best thing is to make sure that the one you have now gives you the best possible service and stays in good running order for the duration. And since the supply of spare parts is also dwindling, due to the requirements of the war industries, it's vitally necessary to treat that precious set of yours gently and thus avoid the necessity of calling in a repairman who may not be able to fix the ailing receiver because he hasn't got the particular part it needs.

In radio, as in everything else, the expenditure of a little common sense results in the saving of dollars, time and trouble. So here are a few simple rules which, if followed, will make any radio set sound better and last longer.

1. As a general rule, keep radios out of extremes of temperature. Don't put them in front of open windows in freezing weather, or near hot radiators, or where the sun will beat down on them in summer.

2. Don't let your radio stand idle for long periods of time, particularly in moist weather. If you go away on your vacation, be sure to store your set in a dry place or arrange for it to be used occasionally.

3. Be very careful never to yank, pull, kick or bump out the base plug while cleaning the room. Take the plug out gently with a firm, even pressure. This is necessary because power plugs are easily injured, and are composed almost entirely of materials necessary to war industry.

4. Don't try to dust or clean the inside of the radio. It's a job for a good service man. And keep the radio's open back away from open windows.

5. Don't let the youngsters play with the radio's switch. Sudden turnings off and on send power through the tubes in surges, thus injuring them.

6. Any radio will work better if it is connected to an outside aerial, erected as high in the open as conditions warrant.

7. There is no magic formula for eliminating noise from your radio reception. It cannot be done by attaching gadgets to the radio. Noise eliminators on electrical appliances, like your vacuum cleaner or electric razor, are about eighty per cent effective but are not being manufactured any longer. Perhaps it would be best to have your electrician call once a year to look for loose fuses, wires, receptacles and fixtures.

8. Are you sure you know how to

tune your radio properly? Strange as it seems, many people use their sets for years without ever learning this fundamental point. Read the instructions you got when you purchased the machine, or have an experienced service man show you how to tune your particular set.

9. Don't wait until your set has laboriously gasped its last breath before calling your radio man. Here are some of the indications of imminent failure—excessive humming, screeching, garbling of voice transmission, or fading. To have the radio overhauled before it goes dead will cost you less in the long run than to wait until it has gone silent.

10. If your set is a phonograph-radio combination, never let the tone-arm drop on a record, the turntable, or anywhere else. Most modern tone-arms contain crystals which are very delicate and can be ruined with one husky slam. If your machine reproduces only high notes it is possible that the crystal is cracked and should be replaced.

11. Above all, while it is a very good idea to use your radio frequently and regularly, don't leave it playing for hours at a time when you're not really listening to it. Those tubes won't last forever.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
	8:00	CBS: News	
	8:00	Blue: News	
	8:00	NBC: Organ Recital	
	8:30	Blue: Tone Pictures	
8:00	9:00	CBS: The World Today	
8:00	9:00	Blue: World News	
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe	
8:15	9:15	CBS: From the Organ Loft	
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line	
8:15	9:15	NBC: Deep River Boys	
8:30	9:30	NBC: Words and Music	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
9:00	10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel	
9:00	10:00	NBC: Radio Pulpit	
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
9:30	10:30	Blue: Joan Cavali	
10:00	11:00	CBS: News	
10:00	11:00	Blue: News	
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Recital Period
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Revue in Miniature
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Music and Youth
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Eric Sevareid
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Sunday Down South
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Upton Close
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: George Fisher
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Bob Becker
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: What's New at the Zoo
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: The World is Yours
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Blue Theater
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Columbia Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: This is the Truth
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
		5:15	Blue: Olivio Santoro
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Plays for Americans
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Pearson and Allen
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: News from Europe
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Public Affairs
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Nobody's Children
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Alfas John Freedom
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: World News
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Tommy Dorsey
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
5:00	7:00	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
5:00	7:00	8:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:00	7:00	8:30	NBC: ONE MAN'S MYSTERY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: FRED ALLEN
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15	Blue: The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Irene Rich
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Headlines and Bylines
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: 3 Sheets to the Wind



WHO'LL SAVE THE WIFE SAVER? . . .

Allen Prescott, who has been known on the air for years as The Wife Saver, knows nothing whatever about running a household and doesn't mind admitting it. When he first started broadcasting recipes, tips on housekeeping, and so on, he was considered a wild-eyed radical for insisting that the subject could be amusing. Instead of treating housekeeping as a deadly serious subject, he kidded his feminine listeners. They liked this, and wrote in to say so—not only that, but their letters contained so much material worthy of broadcasting that Allen's own ignorance didn't matter at all. He became a fixture on the air, and now has his own variety-and-comedy program five afternoons a week on the Blue network, plus a sponsored Wife Saver show on NBC Saturday mornings at 10:30, EWT.

In spite of his frequent protests that he knows nothing about cooking or related matters, people insist on thinking of him as an expert. This is embarrassing, Allen says. Not long ago he was invited to a friend's home for dinner. When he arrived his hostess apologized for the strong smell of cabbage, and asked him to tell the cook how to avoid it. Allen, anxious to oblige, went into the kitchen and asked the cook if she had put a little milk in with the cabbage. She said indignantly that she hadn't. Then Allen asked how long the cabbage had been cooking. About ten minutes, she said. "Well," remarked Allen, "you should never cook cabbage more than seven minutes." This was too much for the cook, and she quit on the spot.

To make things worse, the host and hostess and Allen himself all had to pitch in and finish the dinner. Happening to notice the host groaning over a jar of pickles whose cap wouldn't come off, Allen remembered a bit of household lore, found a rubber band, put it around the disturbing cap, and with a deft twist had the jar open. Thus he made another enemy—the host glared, and hated him from that moment on. The wife, having lost the best cook she ever had, has never invited him to dinner again.

Allen's broadcasts, particularly the Saturday-morning ones, are probably rehearsed less than any others on the air. He writes all his own material, but seldom bothers to read it the way it is written. Once he got his tongue twisted and garbled a sentence. Instead of apologizing, he merely remarked, "We're going to do the program in English tomorrow." At another time he had a frog in his throat but didn't bother to talk above it. He loudly cleared his throat and said, "Thanks—I've been longing to do that on the air for the past seven years."

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim	
	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB	
8:45	9:45	CBS: Harvey and Dell	
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Vallant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
9:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Stepmother
9:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: A House in the Country
9:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
9:45	10:45	11:45	Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
9:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Mary Martin
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Victory Begins at Home
10:15	10:00	11:00	Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
10:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
10:45	11:45	12:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
1:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
2:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: News
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Joe Rines Orch.
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
3:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Spotlight on Asia
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Secret City
6:30	6:00	7:00	Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Frank Parker
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
6:45	6:45	7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
6:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	6:00	7:00	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Blondie
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Hillman and Lindley
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Vox Pop
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue: I Love a Mystery
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
7:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Your Blind Date
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Freddy Martin
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: For America We Sing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program

TUESDAY

P.W.T	C.W.T	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue Texas Jim
	9:00	Blue BREAKFAST CLUB
	9:45	9:45 CBS Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC Bess Johnson
10:45	9:15	10:15 CBS Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:00	10:30 CBS Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS Down Brush Creek Way
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue Moonbeam Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
6:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Burns and Allen
	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Hair
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
10:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Cugat Rhumba Revue
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Presents
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bob Burns
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Thru Ring Time
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Cheers from the Camps
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World



KAY KYSER'S HARRY BABBITT . . .

The only really satisfactory way to get a story about Harry Babbitt, Kay Kyser's vocalist, is to talk to the other boys in the band—because Harry hates to talk about himself. Ask the others about him, and they agree that he has only one fault: he's too shy, much too shy. Friendly, yes, and easy to get along with. But shy. Kay Kyser, introducing Harry to the audience one night, called everyone's attention to the fact that Harry was wearing a gay new sports jacket. Harry blushed furiously—and for seven more introductions which Kay mischievously made the same, he went on blushing.

He shouldn't be shy, either, because everyone on the RKO lot, where Kay and the boys made "My Favorite Spy," agrees he's the handsomest member of the whole Kyser group.

Harry was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on November 2, 1913. His great grandmother was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, and the rest of his family on both sides have been in America for generations. He always loved music, and in high school he played the saxophone and drums in small orchestras. After school, he resisted the temptation to leave St. Louis in search of fame, and instead got a job in a dry goods store, singing and announcing part-time on a small local station. He stuck there for two years, until Kay Kyser happened to come to St. Louis, heard him, and offered him a job. He's been with Kay ever since and expects to stay until the chance comes along to lead a band of his own. He's ambitious enough to hope that day comes sometime.

Besides his solo work, Harry is "Little Audrey," and also sings the song-titles. The announcement made after every third number on sustaining programs is done by Harry because Kay thinks no one else can do it quite so well.

Harry smokes moderately and seldom, if ever, drinks. Tennis—he was on the high school team—and swimming are his favorite sports. But nothing tells so much about Harry as an incident that happened in Hollywood. Every Wednesday afternoon, before the broadcast, a note used to be delivered to him at the studio. The notes came from a little girl nine years old, and in each of them the child predicted, with uncanny accuracy, the two songs Harry would sing on the coming program. It worried Harry; he couldn't see any way for her to get this information. Finally he made inquiries and discovered that the little girl was very ill, with only a few months left to live. He was her favorite radio star and somehow she knew the songs he planned to sing. Harry went to see that little girl, and in the few hours he spent talking to her, all her youthful, idealistic dreams about a hero she'd never met came true. But Harry wasn't flattered by the incident. Instead, it awed him and made him feel very humble.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T	C.W.T	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:45	9:45 CBS: Harvey and Dell
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:15	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Helen Hiatt
10:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stepmother
	9:30	10:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Victory Begins at Home
10:15	10:00	11:00 Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Moonbeam Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30	11:30 NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	1:45	2:45 Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Presents
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Helping Hand
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	7:45 NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
6:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Burns and Allen
	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Are You a Missing Hair
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: What's My Name
10:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Cugat Rhumba Revue
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Presents
9:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bob Burns
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Thru Ring Time
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Elmer Davis
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Duffy's Tavern
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Cheers from the Camps
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00 9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:45 9:45	CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00 10:00	CBS: Valliant Lady
	9:00 10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00 10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15 10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15 10:15	Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15 10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30 10:30	CBS: Stepmother
	9:30 10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30 10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45 10:45	Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45 10:45	NBC: Mary Marlin
10:45	10:00 11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
10:15	10:00 11:00	Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00 11:00	NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15 11:15	CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
	10:15 11:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
	10:15 11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30 11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30 11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30 11:30	NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45 11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45 11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00 12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15 12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00 1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00 1:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15 1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15 1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15 1:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:15	12:15 1:15	NBC: Pin Money Party
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45 1:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45 1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00 2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00 2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15 2:15	CBS: Girl Interns
11:15	1:15 2:15	NBC: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30 2:30	Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30 2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45 2:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45 2:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45 2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00 3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30	Blue: News
12:30	2:30 3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:00 4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00 4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15	CBS: Highways to Health
1:15	3:15 4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30	CBS: News
1:30	3:30 4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00 5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15 5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30 5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30 5:30	NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45 5:45	Blue: Secret City
7:45	5:00 6:00	CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:15	5:15 6:15	CBS: Dorothy Kilgallen
7:30	5:30 6:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:30	5:30 6:30	NBC: Heirs of Liberty
3:45	5:45 6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45 7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45 7:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00	Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00 7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15	CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15 7:15	Blue: M. Keen
4:15	6:15 7:15	NBC: European News
9:30	6:30 7:30	CBS: Maudie's Diary
4:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:30	6:30 7:30	NBC: Al Pearce
	6:45 7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00 8:00	CBS: Death Valley Days
8:30	7:00 8:00	NBC: Maxwell House Show
5:30	7:30 8:30	CBS: People's Platform
9:00	7:30 8:30	NBC: THE ALDRICH FAMILY
5:45	7:45 8:45	Blue: Dorothy Thompson
5:55	7:55 8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
6:00	8:00 9:00	CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00 9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00 9:00	Blue: America's Town Meeting
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30 9:30	CBS: Big Town
7:00	9:00 10:00	CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00 10:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swng
7:00	9:00 10:00	NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World



PARTIES FOR A CAREER . . .

Elsa Maxwell doesn't give parties any more—or, at least, not many of them. But she'll probably be known, all the rest of her life, as the roly-poly little woman who became the darling of international society because she was such a clever hostess.

When she was a little girl in San Francisco Elsa asked her mother wistfully why the Maxwells were never invited to the great balls and dances she read about in the papers. Mrs. Maxwell said it was because they didn't have enough money—and then and there Elsa decided that some day she would give parties at which people without money would be welcome. In a way, she succeeded—for although rich people have always attended her parties, poor people have been invited to come too, as long as they were witty or amusing.

When you listen to Elsa on her own program, over the Blue network at 9:45 P.M. EWT, every Friday night, you're hearing a woman who fought her way to fame without any of the standard qualities except nerve and a sense of humor. She certainly never was beautiful, and most of her life she's been short of money. But always, she's had a good time, and more important, she's been able to help other people have good times, too.

Her first attempt at making her own way in the world was to bluff a Shakespearean repertory company into letting her play the part of the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." She promised to finance the company. When it was discovered that she possessed about ten dollars in total assets, she lost the job. Then came a few years in which she tried to make a living writing songs. Someone promised her a job on the London stage, and she managed to get together enough money for the passage. But when she landed in the English capital the job didn't materialize, and she went back to writing songs, that being the only method of earning a living she could think of at the time.

Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, a member of the horsey set, felt sorry for the good-natured American girl, and let her live in rooms over the Guinness stable. It was Mrs. Guinness, too, who arranged for Elsa to play some of her songs for the Queen. Elsa rounded up some youngsters who, she thought, had talent—a skinny little boy named Noel Coward, a black-haired girl named Beatrice Lillie, and a friend of Noel's, Gertrude Lawrence—and took them with her to be part of the Royal concert. Except for Elsa's being so nervous that when she tried to curtsy in front of the Queen she fell flat on her face, everything went off very well, and her career as purveyor-of-entertainment-to-the-famous was begun.

Elsa says she never would have made a success of her life if she hadn't enjoyed people and liked to laugh. She always has a better time at one of her parties than anyone else—and maybe that's a hint for you to follow next time you entertain.

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00 9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15 9:15	NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45 9:45	CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00 10:00	CBS: Valliant Lady
	9:00 10:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
10:15	9:00 10:00	NBC: Bess Johnson
1:45	9:15 10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15 10:15	Blue: Helen Hiett
10:30	9:15 10:15	NBC: Bachelor's Children
1:00	9:30 10:30	CBS: Stepmother
	9:30 10:30	Blue: A House in the Country
	9:30 10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: Woman of Courage
	9:45 10:45	Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45 10:45	NBC: Mary Marlin
8:00	10:00 11:00	CBS: Victory Begins at Home
10:15	10:00 11:00	Blue: Second Husband
8:00	10:00 11:00	NBC: The Bartons
8:15	10:15 11:15	CBS: Down Brush Creek Way
	10:15 11:15	Blue: Honeymoon Hill
	10:15 11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30 11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30 11:30	Blue: John's Other Wife
	10:30 11:30	NBC: The Road of Life
11:15	10:45 11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45 11:45	Blue: Just Plain Bill
	10:45 11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00 12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00 12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15 12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30 12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30 12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45 12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00 1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00 1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00 1:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
10:15	12:15 1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15 1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15 1:15	Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30 1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45 1:45	CBS: Road of Life
10:45	12:45 1:45	NBC: John Vandercook
4:15	1:00 2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00 2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15 2:15	CBS: Girl Interns
11:15	1:15 2:15	NBC: Arnold's Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30 2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30 2:30	Blue: James Mac Donald
11:30	1:30 2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45 2:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:45	1:45 2:45	Blue: In Care of Aggie Horn
11:45	1:45 2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00 3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00 3:00	Blue: Prescott Presents
12:00	2:00 3:00	NBC: Against the Storm
12:15	2:15 3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15 3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30 3:30	Blue: News
12:30	2:30 3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45 3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
	3:00 4:00	CBS: Helping Hand
1:00	3:00 4:00	Blue: Arthur Tracy
1:00	3:00 4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15 4:15	Blue: Club Matinee
1:15	3:15 4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30 4:30	CBS: Sing Along
1:30	3:30 4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45 4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00 5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius?
2:00	4:00 5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15 5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30 5:30	Blue: Flying Patrol
2:30	4:30 5:30	NBC: The Andersons
2:45	4:45 5:45	Blue: Secret City
6:00	5:00 6:00	Blue: The Lone Ranger
3:10	5:10 6:10	CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15 6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30 6:30	CBS: Frank Parker
7:30	5:30 6:30	Blue: Lum and Abner
3:45	5:45 6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45 7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45 6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00 7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00 7:00	Blue: Col. Steopnagle
8:00	6:00 7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15 7:15	CBS: Irene Rich (June 12)
4:15	6:15 7:15	NBC: European News
7:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: How 'm I Do!
4:30	6:30 7:30	Blue: Hillman and Lindley
7:30	6:30 7:30	NBC: Grand Central Station
5:00	7:00 8:00	CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
8:30	7:00 8:00	Blue: Gang Busters
9:15	7:00 8:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00 8:00	NBC: Ciffes Service Concert
5:30	7:30 8:30	Blue: Meet Your Navy
	7:30 8:30	NBC: INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55 8:55	CBS: Elmer Davis
8:30	8:00 9:00	CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
6:00	8:00 9:00	Blue: March of Time
6:00	8:00 9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00 9:00	NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30 9:30	CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30 9:30	Blue: Dinah Shore
6:30	8:30 9:30	MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30 9:30	NBC: Plantation Party
7:00	9:00 10:00	Blue: Elsa Maxwell
7:00	9:00 10:00	NBC: People Are Funny
7:15	9:15 10:15	CBS: Wherever You Are
7:45	9:45 10:45	CBS: News of the World

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
		8:00 CBS: The World Today 8:00 NBC: News
		8:15 NBC: Deep River Boys
		8:30 NBC: Dick Lebert
		8:45 CBS: Adelaide Hawley 8:45 Blue: String Ensemble 8:45 NBC: News
		9:00 CBS: Press News 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club 9:00 NBC: Happy Jack
		9:15 CBS: Kenneth Spencer 9:15 NBC: Market Basket
		9:30 CBS: Garden Gate 9:30 NBC: Hank Lawson
		9:00 Blue: Musical Miltwheel 9:00 NBC: Encores
		9:30 CBS: Jones and I 9:30 NBC: The Wife Saver
		9:45 NBC: Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: God's Country
10:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Lincoln Highway
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: America the Free
	10:45	11:45 CBS: Hillbilly Champions
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Ilka Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Juan Arvizu
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Paul Laval Orch.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Elwood Gary
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Canadian Air Force Band
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Patti Chapin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Air Youth for Victory
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Campus Capers
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Down Mexico Way
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Columbia String Orch.
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Doctors at Work
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: In a Sentimental Mood
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, Alex Dreier
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Dance Music
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Golden Melodies
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Three Suns Trio
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Tillie the Teller
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Elfy Queen
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: The Green Hornet
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Swap Night
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Summer Symphony
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:15	9:15	10:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Hot Copy
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Penny Singleton, radio's Blondie, knows exactly how to get anything you want—if you want it badly enough.



Blondie BY REQUEST

PENNY SINGLETON, who has been starring as Blondie on CBS every Monday night for almost three years, started making up her mind about how to be a success in life when she was eight years old. Her creed was then, and is now: "If I want something badly enough, I'll get it—because I'll work until I do."

"There's no trick in that," she says today. "It's just my Irish stubbornness."

But her Irish stubbornness carried Penny a long way. A burning ambition for a new pair of skates was what began her career, at the aforesaid age of eight. She noticed that the feature picture at the old opera house in National Park, N. J., where she lived, was something starring "Baby Dorothy." Penny, whose own name at the time was Dorothy McNulty, called on the theater manager and promoted an assignment to sing in accompaniment to the picture (a silent one, of course)—and not only received a salary for her appearance but raked the audience for a collection as well.

No one ever needed to give Penny ideas for making money. She's always had a million of 'em. At fourteen, she wanted a coat with a fur collar. At the time she was taking dancing lessons at Al White's dancing school in Philadelphia—so she put up a sign: "Dancing Lessons at Half the Price of Mr. White's." The cut-rate appealed to enough children so that Penny soon had her coat.

And when Dorothy McNulty, out in

Hollywood, heard that Columbia Pictures was looking for someone to play the comic-strip character of "Blondie" in the films, she lost no time in changing her brunette tresses to golden yellow and her name to Penny Singleton. Blondie she became, and Blondie she has been ever since.

Penny's married to Robert Sparks, producer of the Blondie films, and they live in the valley north of Hollywood on their own farm, named Pennybob. Not only that, but they've recently bought another 120 acres, including a productive orchard, which will be called Pennybob Oaks. Penny still collects the coins which inspired her name—but for a purpose. Friends who come to see her are invited to drop their pennies into a chest, which has been filled several times for the benefit of Penny's favorite charity, a Los Angeles children's hospital. She has her own Baby Dumpling, six year old daughter Deegee, who long since has proved that she inherited her mother's Irish stubbornness.

Around the studios, both broadcasting and movie, Penny is one of the most popular stars of Hollywood—and not just with other stars, but with everyone right down to the humblest page-boy. She knows every member of the crew on her broadcasts by his or her first name—knows when their wives or children are sick, when they've had or are expecting a new baby, how their gardens are growing, when relatives have arrived from the East, and how many payments are left on the car.

"Paulette Goddard told me personally!"



YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DOES? TAKES A **LUX TOILET SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** EVERY DAY—SMOOTHS THE RICH CREAMY LATHER ALL OVER HER FACE...



RINSES IT WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. HONESTLY, IT'S **WONDERFUL!** TAKES AWAY ALL DUST AND DIRT AND HELPS SKIN STAY NICE AND **SMOOTH!**



Let Hollywood's Active-Lather Facials give your skin protection it *needs* for loveliness. You'll agree with famous stars who say Lux Toilet Soap's a *wonderful* beauty aid!

Paulette Goddard

Star of
Paramount's
"The Forest Rangers"



PAT DRY—THAT'S THE LAST STEP TO PAULETTE'S **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**. EASY, ISN'T IT? 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** AND SO SHOULD WE!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

More Than I Ever Knew

Continued from page 20

other before this war. I was going to get a divorce, sooner or later. What would be gained by putting it off? Nothing. And, I'm afraid, I also felt that in times like these everyone was entitled to what security he, or she, could grasp. Maybe Ray promised nothing else, but he did promise that.

Then, a batch of mail was forwarded to me. Among the other things was a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting. The post mark was three weeks old!

"My dear Mrs. Nichols," the letter read. "I wonder if I could see you soon? It's about your husband and it's important—very important. I'm staying at the above address." It was signed Nell Burnham.

"Hah!" Ray said, reading over my shoulder. "The other woman waving her tentacles?"

SOMEHOW, I was sure it wasn't that. Something told me I must see this woman, see her immediately. "I'm going back to New York," I said.

"Be sensible, Janice," Ray said. "That letter's three weeks old. She's probably gone, now."

"I've got to try," I said.

Ray was furious. "But that means giving up your resident's status, here. It means postponing our marriage!"

"I can't help it, Ray," I said. "She seems to think it's terribly important. I've got to find out what it is."

This time, I didn't let Ray influence me, although he argued against my leaving all the while I was packing.

My train was late when it finally got to New York, but I'd wired ahead, asking Nell Burnham to see me that evening. I sent Ray to a hotel with my baggage and took a taxi to Nell's address.

At the last moment, I grew frightened. Suppose Ray had been right? Suppose she was the other woman? As soon as Nell opened the door, however, I knew such a thing was impossible.

She smiled warmly, "I'm so glad you've come," she said. Her voice was surprisingly low and soothing. Everything about her had that quality, her calm, friendly, gray eyes, her sweet mouth, the quiet way she moved. The radio was going and she went across the room and turned it low. "You don't mind its playing very softly, do you?" she asked. "I don't want to miss the news broadcast."

"I've been away," I said, feeling I should explain why I hadn't come to see her before.

"I know," she said. "I called your house." She sat down by me and took my hand. "This isn't easy," she said. "Maybe I'd better just read you my husband's letter—he's an officer in the Navy. He's a friend of your husband's." She lifted a letter from the table and her voice choked up a

little, as she started to read.

"Dearest! This will be short, darling, and I'm afraid most of it won't be about us. I thought I'd be up this week, but all leaves have been cancelled. We're not sure, yet, but I think we're shipping out tonight—I have no idea where. I know this is sudden, but keep your chin up, darling. Remember, I love you and nothing much can happen to me, when I know you're there pulling for me.

"Which brings me to the other thing. Nell, I want you to do something, darling. There's a fellow here—Lt. James Nichols—we've been pretty close since he came down here. He's a swell guy—good flyer—or, he was until a couple of days ago. He's gone all to pieces, suddenly. I think he's had some trouble with his wife. Anyway, he was all right until he got a letter from New York. Right after that mail call, we were ordered out on manoeuvres and he scared the pants off us. I've tried to help him, but he won't talk.

"Nell, go to see his wife. See if you can straighten it out. Whatever it is, it can't be too serious, because Jim sure loves that woman, if any man ever loved anyone. For Heaven's sake,



Say Hello To-

CARYL SMITH—who plays Pauly, Maudie's best friend, in Maudie's Diary, the CBS comedy program Thursday nights, and also the title role in Tillie the Tailor, also on CBS, Saturday nights. Caryl, who is sometimes known by the nicknames of Cherub or Smithfield, comes from Portland, Ore., where she studied art on a four-year scholarship. But she liked acting better than painting, and set out for New York determined to make a name for herself. She hasn't done badly, either, with two good parts in radio and several appearances on the Broadway stage. She isn't married, hates parsnips, loves all animals except spiders, and is the dating owner of three dogs—two dachschunds, Sam and Pam, and a Scotty known as Hey!

tell his wife to forget whatever it was and get in touch with him. Tell her to write him here at the Post—it'll be forwarded—eventually." Nell stopped. "The rest is very personal," she said.

I covered my face with my hands. I wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn't come. All of it came so clear, so sharp. I had done a terrible thing. I'd made a horrible mistake, somewhere. Jimmy loved me. I had thought he didn't and I'd driven him away. Worse, I'd robbed him of everything he held dear, just when he needed it the most. I saw this, now, but it was too late.

Nell jumped up and ran to the radio. She turned it up. She must have been listening very closely, because I hadn't heard it, at all. A communique from the Navy Department was being read. Suddenly, my heart began pounding so hard, I couldn't hear. Words came through hazily and it took awhile to put them together so they made sense.

"It is feared that Lt. James Nichols, Navy Pilot, has been killed in action in the Pacific war zone. He was last seen three days ago, after downing two enemy planes in a heroic battle. Fellow flyers say he was last seen chasing a third enemy plane."

There was more, but that was all I heard. It was a horrible thing to

hear like that—without any preparation. Only after days of illness—after Nell had nursed me back to some semblance of health and taken me back to the house in Westchester—did I find the telegram which had been sent me by the Navy Department, that kind, yet formal notification that would have eased the blow a little.

Nell stayed with me and took care of everything. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have gone mad, I think.

Nell was wonderful in those next two weeks. She gave me courage, pulled me together. It was she who made me understand that I couldn't refuse Mr. Bradley's request that I appear on his radio program, "The People Speak." I was shocked by the idea. Jimmy had been awarded the Congressional medal for valor and I was to receive it at the program. I didn't deserve even to touch that medal! But Nell argued, and at last she made me see how important it was for me to show other women how to be brave in these times. I had understood, finally, and now here I was, waiting to go on the air, waiting to show women how to be courageous!

There was a knock on the door. I started. Strange, how long it takes to live a thing and how little time to remember. I had lost all sense of the passage of time. I might have been sitting in that dressing room for years.

Mr. Bradley opened the door and smiled at me. "I have wonderful news for you, Mrs. Nichols," he said. "Your husband's alive. He was picked up two weeks ago by a merchant ship."

I hung on to my wits, somehow. "Are they sure? Why didn't they let us know?"

"They didn't know who he was," Mr. Bradley said. "We've been in communication with the freighter by short wave. Your husband's plane went down in flames. They found him very badly burned—all his clothes gone—nothing to identify him. He was clinging to some sort of driftwood—might have been a piece of his plane—they couldn't tell, because it floated away when they pulled him out of the water. They reported finding an unidentifiable man, but no one suspected it could be Lt. Nichols. He was picked up so far from the place where your husband was last seen."

"Oh, poor Jimmy," I cried.

MR. BRADLEY patted my shoulder. "You've been under a terrible strain," he said. "If you'd rather not go through with the broadcast, it will be all right."

For a moment, I almost accepted his offer. Then, I changed my mind. I had something to do, something very important.

"I'd like to go on with it," I said. "Good girl," Mr. Bradley smiled. "I've rewritten your speech. We're letting you make the announcement

about your husband being found."

The radio theater was crowded and breathlessly silent. We had hardly stepped out on the stage, before the orchestra struck up the program theme, at a signal from the control booth.

Then Mr. Bradley was introducing me, his voice rich with admiration and tribute. The audience burst into wild applause, people getting to their feet, shouting, even whistling. I stood there, trembling inwardly with shame.

I BEGAN reading what Mr. Bradley had written for me to say. There was another burst of cheering, when I told them that Jimmy was alive. I tried to go back to Mr. Bradley's script, but I couldn't. He'd written fine words for me to say, glowing words, but they weren't enough. The script dropped from my hands.

"No," I said. "This isn't right. Mr. Bradley called me a heroine—a woman of courage. That's not true. I'm not a heroine. I haven't even been much of a woman. Any woman worthy of the name wouldn't have done what I've done. When my husband needed me the most, I deserted him. Oh, even long before that I had let him down, because I didn't understand that our marriage, our love, was partly my responsibility, too. I had very vague, romantic ideas about love and marriage. I didn't realize, until it was too late, that love—like everything else, like a career, a home, like democracy itself—and these things are all tied up with love, too—I didn't realize that love had to be kept alive and fed and cherished constantly, even fought for, if need be. Please, believe me, I'm not saying all this to get sympathy for myself. I don't deserve it." And I told them everything, from the beginning. As the words poured out of me, I felt as though a pall were being lifted from my soul. "Now you know," I said, finally, "how truly great a hero my husband was, to have fought so bravely, when he had nothing left to fight for."

Mr. Bradley and Nell led me from the stage. I didn't really need their help. I felt strong and sure of myself, for the first time in a long while.

A late news bulletin brought us word that the freighter bearing Jimmy would arrive in San Francisco in three days, if the weather and the Japanese subs held off. I left New York that same night.

This was some months ago. Jimmy is almost well, now. He can hardly wait to get back into the Service. But, this time, when he goes it will be different.

These last months, while he's been convalescing, we've gone over it all dozens of times. Jimmy understands, now, what happened to me, where I went off the track. And I know what happened to Jimmy, what he believed. Jimmy knew I was unhappy, but he put it down to my having a hard time adjusting myself to growing up. It was a painful time for him, but he didn't think he should help me. He loved me all along and he trusted me. He thought all my running around was just childishness and that I'd get over it in time.

Well, I did get over it, but not before I had almost lost the dearest thing in the world. I hope there aren't many women in the world like me, women who make the kind of mistakes I did. In these times, there's no room for such mistakes.

If at first...



If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way...

you don't succeed...



If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub...

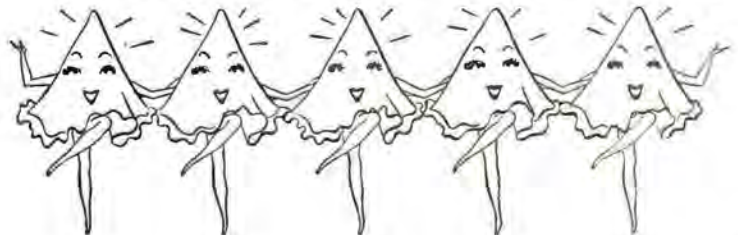
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Don't be peevish, cross or
cranky—Just remember, there
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a clean white hanky if you
use FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS—
FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY!"



What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 5

Bet this'll catch your ear!



YOU MAY BE DEAF to what we tell you about softness in sanitary napkins. After all, we make Modess. You may think we're prejudiced. But what 14,000 women say should make you sit up and cock an ear!



YOU'LL HEAR 14,000 VOICES! They belong to girls like you—who compared their usual napkin with Modess*—in a nationwide test. And 3 out of every 4 found Modess softer! Listen to that!



ACT QUICK! Do try Modess. If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever used, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

The "56" package will cost you much less. It's the thriftiest way you can purchase Modess.

singing groups. It has sung in thirty-two of the forty-eight states, on eighty-three radio stations as well as on the networks, and now is a fixture on Nashville's station WSM.

The Daniel Quartet had its beginnings in Boaz nineteen years ago, but not until seven years ago did it become professional. Three of the present members—John Daniel, his brother Troy, and baritone Wallace Fowler—were in the original quartet. Thomas Free, the bass singer, and accompanist Albert Williams are both more recent additions.

John Daniel, besides singing tenor, is the quartet's manager, and is largely responsible for the innovations that carried the group to success. Baritone Wallace Fowler came to the quartet from Georgia, where he used to be a florist. Thomas Free is the baby of the group, both in age and in time of service—he's only nineteen.

It's interesting to look back over the history of the Daniel Quartet and see how it progressed from its small start. Even though today its thousands of listeners think of it as primarily devoted to sacred music, in actual fact it has many popular and comic songs in its repertoire. John Daniel's wisdom in picking numbers that would be accepted and enjoyed by the audiences who came to hear religious music is probably responsible for the quartet's rapid rise.

There will be wedding bells in June for Margaret Lenhart, singer on Al Pearce's program. The groom-to-be is Ray Erlenborn, sound effects man on the same show—which, incidentally, is where they met.

Most Hollywood stars are weekend farmers—if they're farmers at all—but Irene Rich really works at it. She runs a big fifty-acre ranch in the San Fernando valley and is making it commercially successful. Only on the day of her broadcast—which incidentally moves to a Friday spot on CBS June 12—does she come to town. On all other days she can be found,

dressed in work shirt and jeans, busy on the ranch. She doesn't sit back and let the hired hands do the work, either. Recently when one of her sows gave birth to a litter of piglets, which were subsequently orphaned by the mother's death, it was Irene who spent sleepless nights with a nursing bottle, feeding the little animals by hand at three-hour intervals.

Joan Blaine of Valiant Lady is converting her Connecticut farm into a Victory garden, too. Last year she had many flowers, but now they've all come out to make room for vegetables.

Frances Langford has a pet canary named Billy—and Frances' experiences with Billy are worth passing on to other bird-owners who, perhaps, haven't ever taken the trouble to study bird-psychology.

For a long time Frances couldn't understand why Billy always started to chirp and make noise when visitors came. Frequently he raised such a racket that he annoyed everyone in the room. But finally Frances solved the problem.

"Canaries love attention and noise," she says, "particularly attention. So, when there are several people in the room talking, and Billy feels neglected he either tries to break into the conversation or he sings so loudly that someone has to pay attention to him." All Frances does when this happens is say a few words to Billy to soothe his ruffled feelings. He usually quiets down then.

Billy and Frances get along quite well together. He likes to sit on her shoulder and be fed toast, and always joins in when she sings. He has his modest points, too—he won't bathe when anyone, even Frances, is present.

One of Cupid's surprise coups of 1942 was revealed when Sarajane Wells and Dolph Nelson announced that they were married last March. Sarajane plays Mary Holden in *The Guiding Light* and parts in other serials, and Dolph, formerly in *Ma Perkins*, is in the U. S. Coast Guard.



The Daniel Quartet is one of WSM's favorite singing groups—left to right, tenors John and Troy Daniel, accompanist Albert Williams, baritone Wallace Fowler and bass Thomas Free.

Something Refreshing

Continued from page 40

contribute toward the general economy by using, for variety in flavor and decoration, left-over fruits which might otherwise be wasted.

The basic recipe for the fruit-topped cookies illustrated at the beginning of this article, substitutes coconut for sweetening and uses orange juice for liquid.

Orange Coconut Cookies

2½ cups flour ½ tsp. baking soda
¼ tsp. salt ¾ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar 2 eggs
1 cup shredded coconut, minced fine
¾ cup orange juice, fresh or canned

Sift together flour, baking soda and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream together thoroughly, beat eggs stiff and add to creamed mixture. Add flour mixture, alternately with orange juice, a little at a time. Add coconut. Roll out, cut into desired shape, decorate with fruit and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

You can make large round cookies topped with cooked peach halves or cooked dried apricots. Form some in diamond shapes and deck with chopped dried prunes (all fruits must be very well drained). Or roll the dough very thin, spread one layer with jam and add a second layer of dough for some "sandwich cookies." Twists are formed from two strips of rolled dough twisted together and rolled in fine minced coconut.

Here's how to make old-fashioned molasses cookies which are new-fashioned now because they make so little demand on our sugar quota.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Cookies

3½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder 1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking soda 1 tsp. ginger
2 tsps. cinnamon ¼ cup shortening
½ tsp. cloves ½ cup brown sugar, packed firm
1 egg ¾ cup molasses
¾ cup sour milk (or buttermilk)

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream shortening, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Add egg, then molasses and blend well. Add flour mixture, alternately with sour milk, a little at a time. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 12 minutes. These may be made as drop cookies if desired. They are delicious as a dessert served fresh from the oven with cinnamon flavored whipped cream, equally delicious when cold. They may be decorated with fruit by following some of the suggestions given above.

Another variety of cookies are called chocolate almond thins but they could just as well be called chocolate walnut or pecan thins for these nuts may be substituted for almonds.

Chocolate Almond Thins

½ cup shortening 1 cup sugar
½ tsp. salt 1 tsp. vanilla
2 well beaten eggs
3 ounces chocolate, melted
¾ cups sifted flour
¾ cup chopped almonds
Whole pecans for garnish

Cream shortening, add other ingredients, one by one, in the order in which they are given, blending well after each addition. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) 12 to 15 min.



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PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

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2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



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FRESH, Louisville, Ky.



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luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA

lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE

ultra-chic "Latin" red

Facing the Music

Continued from page 7

All this happened more than five years ago but from it eventually stemmed the most promising new dance band of the 1942 season. Hal McIntyre's orchestra has clicked solidly over network airplanes and on Victor records since it was organized early in October. The band just finished a healthy run at Glen Island Casino and is now on tour. They return to that Westchester, N. Y., dance oasis in August to recapture the valuable MBS and CBS network broadcast times.

Hal went down to New York to see the great Goodman and soon learned why the clarinetist had summoned him. He was hustled up to the bandstand and told to play along with such celebrated swingsters as Gene Krupa, Jess Stacey and Ziggy Elman. A week or so later, Goodman introduced him to Glenn Miller.

"Hal," Benny said, "Glenn is going to start his own band pretty soon and I think you will be a good bet for him."

Hal was the first man Miller hired. The new outfit, young and eager, received good notices from the music critics but failed to win enough bookings. After a year of struggling, Miller decided to disband temporarily. Hal returned to Cromwell, Connecticut, and the factory job.

"I wasn't discouraged," he says. "I knew Glenn would get going again and I kept calling him every week. That Spring he reorganized and I rushed back to New York."

The second try was more successful. Glenn Miller hit his stride and became one of the country's top-notch band leaders, and Hal McIntyre basked in glory as the band's lead saxophonist, and Miller's room-mate.

"I was walking on air," Hal continued, "for I was doing the thing I always wanted to and getting \$10,000 a year for doing it."

When Miller suggested that Hal become a band leader himself, the boy was startled.

"I wanted the chance" he admits, "but I was scared. After all it meant giving up a wonderful, secure job for a heart-breaking gamble. I knew the frustrations and hardships Glenn had experienced. I remembered the many nights when Glenn and I weren't sure where our next meal would come from."

But the more Miller urged Hal to try, the more the boy became eager to take the risk. An all-night conference with ace arranger Dave Matthews helped Hal make his final decision.

"We got to talking about new ideas in dance music. My plan was to concentrate on smooth section work with emphasis on saxophones. I wanted to experiment with colorful tones and unusual groupings that would give the band a style dancers would recognize."

With Glenn Miller's support, the new outfit had no trouble getting an initial hearing. It came October 31, 1941, at Glen Island Casino when they pinch-hit for Claude Thornhill. Out front was the cream of Tin Pan Alley. After the last set the management offered Hal a contract to start there in January.

Hal is now twenty-eight and is married to the girl from back home,

Jane Avery. They live in a rented house in Westchester, and they plan to have a family. Hal helps support his mother and father.

Veterans of the dance band world are constantly amazed at the new bandleader's easy-going philosophy. He doesn't think or talk like the average baton-waver. When over-enthusiastic well-wishers map out plans for that first million, Hal remarks: "All this talk about making big dough is fine but I'll be just as happy making a comfortable living. The best time I ever had was working in Glenn's band when it was trying to make the grade and my pay check averaged \$49 a week."

There's a mythical wailing wall on radio row for bandsmen who moan about their profession's ethics. Hal doesn't frequent it. Hal has such faith in the boys working for him that he doesn't mind when rivals try to woo his best men away.

"Gosh, if the boys want to leave me to make more money now, let them do it. I figure that the fellows who think that way can always be replaced."

OFF THE RECORD

Erskine Butterfield: "Devil Sat Down and Cried"—"Boogie de Concerto" (Decca 8600). A "sleeper" that packs a punch with its subtle, swing lilt.

Hal McIntyre: "Mem'ry of this Dance"—"Rivers to Cross" (Victor 27840). Intelligent arrangements of two very satisfactory ballads. Carl Denny sings both of them.

Harry James: "Sleepy Lagoon"—"Trumpet Blues" (Columbia 36549). Goodly share of Harry's torrid trumpeting, which is just what this band's fans want.

Dinah Shore-Freddy Martin: "I Look at Heaven"—"Can't Give You Anything But Love" (Bluebird 11487). A new team one would wish might be permanent. Topside is vocal interpretation of Grieg's Piano Concerto.

Dick Jurgens: "One Dozen Roses"—"Always In My Heart" (Okeh 6636). Surprise tune that will make the grade paired with a stock ballad helped immeasurably by Harry Cool's crisp vocal delivery.

Rudy Vallee: "Letter from London"—"I Just Couldn't Say It Before" (Victor 27823). First Vallee tune in quite a while should be welcomed by all.

Ray Noble: "Very Thought of You"—"Goodnight Sweetheart" (Columbia 36546). Noble plays two of his own tunes to produce an excellent platter.

Vaughn Monroe: "Me and My Melinda"—"Tom Thumb" (Bluebird 11473). Irving Berlin's latest song is earmarked for Hit Parade rating and Monroe teams it with a sprightly instrumental number.

Jimmy Dorsey: "Taint No Good" (Decca 4262). Dorsey devotes both sides to this bounce number and the whole troupe goes to town.

Glenn Miller: "Sh, It's a Military Secret"—"She'll Always Remember" (Bluebird 11493). All the Miller tricks are brought out for this platter and the results are not disappointing. The Modernaires harmony stands out.

Recommended Albums: Lena Horne's package of torch songs includes such classics as "Moanin' Low," title song of the album, "Stormy Weather," "Man I Love," and "Where or When." Another good bet is Fats Waller's album of piano solos. Both are from Victor.

Goodbye Dearest

Continued from page 34

We came back to the city, and the weeks slipped by, and it was our third anniversary. Johnny sent flowers in the afternoon, and at night he brought home a blue velvet jeweler's box for me to open while I stood within the warm circle of his arms. A star that lay deep in the soft gray-blue heart of a sapphire solitaire winked up at us. I had had a star sapphire before. It had been my engagement ring, and we had pawned it to pay the rent.

"Johnny," I said. "Johnny, darling—"

"Now I have bad news," he said, holding me closer. "Next week I have to go away for a few days. Life is going to seem like a little piece of the Sahara Desert without you. Will you miss me too?"

"Miss you?" I sighed. "Every hour—every minute—I'll be waiting for you to come back."

WE never had been separated before, and although Johnny expected to be gone only a few days they seemed, in prospect, like an eternity.

I went to his office the afternoon he was to leave, bringing some handkerchiefs I had had monogrammed for him. It was an impressive office, not at all like the one he'd had such a short while ago, and he had a real secretary now, not just me, trying to be one. "Mr. Lane's busy," this efficient young woman said when I entered. "Mr. Rooney's with him. But I don't think they'll be much longer."

"Rooney . . . Rooney . . ." The name marched through my brain, to leave an unpleasant trail. I was sure I'd heard it, or read it. And then, with a click, I remembered.

Timothy J. Rooney was the contractor who had built an underpass at the edge of town. The underpass had caved in, and now Rooney was under indictment for criminal conspiracy to defraud the city by substituting cheaper materials than those called for in the specifications. But worse than that, to my mind, was the fact that the cave-in had occurred a scant minute after a bus full of school children had gone through the underpass. Only the grace of God had kept Timothy Rooney from being, to all intents and purposes, a murderer.

"Is—my husband—defending Mr. Rooney at his trial?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Lane," the girl said brightly. "It comes up next week. But I'm sure Mr. Lane will win the case."

"Yes," I thought. "I'm sure he will too." Aloud I said, dropping Johnny's going-away present on her desk. "Give this to Mr. Lane, please, and tell him—tell him I couldn't wait."

All my half-formed doubts were crystallized now. It didn't matter that no one had actually been killed by that cheaply constructed underpass. Some day one of Matt Kennedy's friends would build an underpass, or a bridge, or a building, that would take human life—and Johnny might defend that criminal too, and win that case. And all the while he was taking dishonest money, as surely as if he himself were breaking the law.

At the corner of the street, tucked between two tall buildings, was a little church. It was years since I had entered a church, but now I stumbled across the threshold, into the incense-scented dusk.

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says JOHN WAYNE*
"is that
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*JOHN WAYNE, STARRING IN "IN OLD CALIFORNIA," A REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

Pink carnations wilted before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin.

I lit a candle and prayed desperately, the way women loving men have prayed to Her for years and years. "Show me the way. Show me the way . . ."

That night I didn't sleep. I lay awake, finding courage to leave Johnny. The tragic thing was that I still loved him so desperately. Leaving him would be agony, like cutting out part of my flesh with my own hand. But leaving him was also the only way left to me of proving how much I loved him. It was the only way I could save him.

NUMBLY, the next day, I made my arrangements. I packed my clothes and moved out of the apartment to a furnished room. I applied for jobs, and by a stroke of good fortune which seemed like an omen that I was doing, at last, the right thing, I found one as receptionist at City Hospital.

I didn't write Johnny a letter and I didn't let him come home and find me gone. I couldn't—for although I hated the things he was doing now and I trembled for the things he might do, I still loved him with all my heart.

His train came in late one afternoon, and when he opened the door of our apartment I was there, waiting. Waiting, every muscle tensed against the blinding desire to walk into his arms and stay there.

He strode toward me, but he stopped when he saw my face, and looked around him in a puzzled sort of way, as if he sensed that the apartment was somehow emptied of all the things that had made it a home. I didn't wait for him to voice that bewilderment—I had to get this over, quickly.

"Johnny—I've something to tell you," I said. "I'm leaving. I can't go on this way. I've tried—harder than you know—to be indifferent to the kind of—of work you're doing. But I just can't. It's wrong for you to defend people like Rooney, and it's wrong for me to take the money you make. So—I've found a job and . . . and I'm going to live by myself unless . . ." My voice trailed off. What I wanted to say was, "Unless you'll come with me, away from Kennedy," but looking into his hard, angry face, I knew it would do no good.

"If this is a trick to make me quit my job, it won't work," he said.

"It's no trick, Johnny," I said, and slipped past him, out of the door. He didn't try to follow me. I didn't expect him to. He had been able to convince himself that he needn't be ashamed of the work he was doing for Kennedy, and if he could convince himself of that it would also be easy for him to decide I didn't mean what I said, and that I'd be back if only he let me go. And I'm sure that when I actually walked out of the door he didn't believe what was happening could really be true—any more than I did.

But it was true. It stayed true for long weeks.

Only my job saved me from going

back to him in defeat—because, ironically, every minute of that job was a reminder of Matt Kennedy. City Hospital was a disgrace. One of Kennedy's friends, a Dr. Watling, was Superintendent—a fumbling, incompetent quack whose knowledge of medicine was limited to castor oil and calomel. The wards were dirty, the nurses and orderlies slovenly and badly trained.

This, I told myself whenever loneliness was like a hand clutching my heart, was the result of Matt Kennedy's greed. He, and the men who worked for him—men like Johnny—made it possible. And as anger grew in me, I determined to strike out against Kennedy when I could.

The opportunity came in a way I hadn't expected. I was on duty at the reception desk late one night when a thin man with a face as old as time and as evil as sin pushed open the door and came toward my desk. Red drops fell from his hand, which he carried stiffly against his side.

"Where's Doc Watling?" he asked in a grating voice. "Tell him Mike Stevens wants him."

I saw a round hole in the fabric of the man's suit, up near the shoulder. A bullet-wound case, I thought. Another of the Kennedy outfit, coming here for special favors, perhaps for secrecy because he didn't want that bullet-wound reported to the police. And suddenly I was blazingly angry.

to sleep."

"Johnny—my husband—" I murmured.

"He's all right. He wants you to get well."

I must have dropped off again then, because that's all I remember. It was daylight when I woke again, feeling weak but perfectly calm. The nurse—she was one I knew—smiled at me.

"What happened?" I whispered.

"Mike Stevens' gun went off while your husband was trying to get it away from him, and the bullet went dangerously near your heart. It's out now," she said. "Mr. Lane had quite an argument with Dr. Watling about it. Dr. Watling wanted to operate himself, but Mr. Lane wouldn't let him. He got Dr. Jordan instead and brought him in over Dr. Watling's head."

"Where is—Johnny—now?"

"He stayed here until you were out of danger, and he'll be back this evening."

But it was not then that I saw Johnny again—not for another two days, when Dr. Jordan said I was well enough. He looked older—and very tired; but his eyes drank me in.

"It's so good to see you again, dearest," he said. "I thought maybe I never would—for a while."

"Johnny," I said. "Why did you come here to the hospital that night, so late?"

"I don't know . . . I thought it was to see you, to ask you to come back. But maybe it was because—something—told me you'd be needing me." He spoke with a kind of wonderment.

"I did need you. Thank you for coming—and thank you for not letting Watling operate, for getting Dr. Jordan instead." There was something I wanted to know. But I couldn't ask him. I had to keep on talking, hoping

he would tell me of his own accord.

"Watling! That bungler!" Johnny's lip curled scornfully.

"He's a bungler, Johnny, but every day people that can't get any other doctor, or go to any other hospital, come here. They—don't pull through, or if they do it's at the cost of so much pain and suffering. And the only reason Watling is here is—Matt Kennedy and—"

I stopped, but Johnny finished the sentence for me.

"—And the men who work for him, like me," he said. "Was that why you let me come in to see you?"

"I hoped you might be going to tell me you'd quit Kennedy," I said. "I hoped it—"

His face was strained and white. His hand was on the door-knob.

"But I haven't," he said dully . . . and opened the door and went out.

I didn't know what he meant. I thought he meant that he had already been seduced by the money he was earning; that it was more important to him than my love. But I didn't cry. I was beyond tears.

He didn't come back again. I didn't think he would, really.

In time I was up, getting well and strong. Dr. Watling sent me a curt note that my services as receptionist



Say Hello To—

TED STRAETER—directs the choir on Kote Smith's CBS shows, besides playing with his band in a smart New York night club. Ted always knew he wanted to be a musician, and set about realizing his ambition with a single-mindedness worthy of a commanding general. When he was only eight he bought a second-hand phonograph from a pawnbroker, and two years later talked his father into buying a used piano, with the phonograph as part down payment. Ted agreed to sell magazines and repay his father at the rate of four dollars a week. It was a good investment, for when his father died Ted's musical ability got him a radio job and with his earnings he was able to support the Straeter family.

"I'm sorry," I said crisply. "I can't disturb Dr. Watling this late at night. Just step into that room and I'll call an interne—"

"Listen, sister," he ordered. "You'll call Doc Watling, like I tell you, or you'll be really sorry."

I gave him one look which said plainly that I did not intend to call Watling, and I reached for the telephone. Suddenly his uninjured right hand had darted into a pocket, and I was looking into a revolver.

"Now will you call Watling?"

For a long moment there was silence, while my hand froze above the telephone. Then—miraculously, unbelievably—the door behind Mike Stevens opened again and a man came in. Johnny.

Stevens turned, and a second later Johnny rushed at him. There was a horrible, whirling scuffle. Stevens was smaller than Johnny, but he fought like something slimy and elusive. In the midst of it all there was a shot, and something struck my breast . . .

I came up out of darkness, fighting against a dead, smothering weight that was trying to keep me down. A white figure moved, bent over me. A woman's voice—"Everything's all right, Mrs. Lane. You've been under ether. You must keep warm and try

were no longer required, but that was no more than I had expected. Soon I would look for another job—as soon as possible, not so much because I needed the money (although I did, badly), as because a job would help me to stop remembering . . .

Then I saw the story in the newspaper.

I didn't stop to read the rest of the story. In five minutes I was dressed, speeding in a taxi downtown to Johnny's office.

THE office looked empty and bare, and my high heels tapped out echoing sounds as I entered. The door from the reception room to the inner office was open, and I went through it. Johnny was at his desk—it and the chair in which he sat were the only two pieces of furniture left in the room.

"I've come back, Johnny," I whispered. "Didn't you know I would, as soon as I found out?"

"Yes," he said. "I knew you would. I didn't want you to come back to—all this . . . It's easier to get in with a man like Kennedy than it is to get away from him. When I saw you in the hospital, I'd already tried—I'd told him I was resigning. He had other ideas. He said he wouldn't let me go, and if I tried it he'd turn over a file of all the cases I'd handled for him to the Bar Association. I told him to go ahead—that I hadn't done anything. He said maybe I'd been able to kid myself on that score but I hadn't been able to kid you, apparently, and he didn't think I'd be able to kid the Bar Association."

"But you still quit!" I cried. "Not only that, but you went right ahead and exposed him! Oh, Johnny—I'm so proud—"

Johnny sighed. "Yes, I told the Bar Association all I knew. I wasn't going to—Kennedy had me licked—until I talked to you in the hospital. Then I knew I'd have to go ahead, no matter what happened to me. And—" his lips twisted wryly—"it happened all right. The Bar Association took my testimony against Kennedy and thanked me for it, but they revoked my license. They had to, of course; I don't blame them. But—I'm not a lawyer now."

He covered his face with his hands, and then somehow it was easy for me to walk around the desk and cradle his head against my breast.

"Never mind. Never mind," I murmured. "We'll get along, somehow. And we'll be happy, so much happier than we were while you worked for Kennedy."

He held me close, and after a moment he confessed with a shamefaced laugh, "It's funny—I'm out of a job, haven't any future and darn' little money—but you're right. I *am* happier than I've been for a long time."

We were both laughing—the shaky kind of laughter that's so close to tears—when the telephone rang, startlingly loud in that bare room. Johnny stared—hesitated—then picked it up. "Hello . . ." he said.

When he hung up again his face was bewildered. "That was Coalition Party headquarters," he said dazedly. "They want me to run for Alderman. They're going to kick the Kennedy gang out, and they say they need me on their ticket! *Me!*"

With the last, explosive word he'd become Johnny again, the old Johnny, eager, excited, ready for battle. The Johnny he'd been when he took Mrs. Tonelli's case. The Johnny he'd never stopped being, in my heart.

The Memory Lingers On



This was it . . . the real thing . . . the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtails.

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That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase.

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Only You Can Help

Continued from page 28



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the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

someone who had all the smoothness and polish of a man like Preston Knight. And now I saw he was almost as nervous and frightened as I was.

"Yes," I told him. "That's—my name. Are you—"

"I'm Robert Wilmington. Mr. Monday."

He came forward and his hat was off and I saw by the lamp-light that he was not bad looking. Brown hair and dark eyes and rather heavy eyebrows. You couldn't call him handsome, not the way Preston was, for instance. But there was something real about him.

He said, "Miss Jones, this is a—great honor and a pleasure."

I didn't know what to reply to that so I just nodded and smiled. We stood there a moment without speaking and then he said, "Shall we—go to dinner?"

"That sounds good to me," I answered.

WE walked along in silence and when we reached a crossing he put his hand on my arm, a little timidly, and there was something exciting in his touch.

I started to say something and he started at exactly the same second and we both stopped. After a moment, I looked at him and said, "This is awfully silly, isn't it? I mean—this is what I meant by my problem."

There was the faintest smile on his lips. "The trouble, Miss Jones, is that it's—well, it's my problem too. I agree with you emphatically that it is silly."

"Your problem! But—you're on the radio. You give advice to people in love. And you always sound so sure of yourself!"

He shook his head. "I know. But that's over the radio. I sit in a room by myself and talk into a microphone. I can go like a house on fire then. But the moment I get outside with— with a girl, for instance—I'm helpless, absolutely helpless as a—as a—" "Lamb?" I asked him, and we both laughed.

That laugh was wonderful. It seemed somehow to bring the two of us together. We walked along a little more without saying anything.

"We ought," I began, "we ought to get along well."

"You think so?" His voice was pleased. "Say, you're right, Miss Jones. You and I—"

I said, "Can't we start off by—forgetting our last names? Maybe that would make it easier for both of us."

"I think you're right. You're—Grace, aren't you?" And when I nodded, he added with satisfaction, "I like that name."

We reached the hotel where we were dining and went up to the roof garden. It was a wonderful place—Chinese lanterns strung across the night and a soft breeze blowing and an orchestra playing, not too loudly, in the distance. We followed the headwaiter to a table that overlooked the city and the waiter took our order.

Then for a while we sat there looking at each other and in all my life I don't think I'll ever forget the strange warm feeling that swept over me.

"This is—this is very lovely, Bob." "It is, isn't it? Like—a movie."

"It's fun to get away from typing

and meals and more of the same all the time. It's—"

"I know what you mean. You see, that broadcast—that's my job. And I write at home—stories and things. But I don't get much chance to go out. And I—as I said, you see—I don't get along well with girls."

"It's the queerest thing," I said. "You're so wonderful telling other people how to cure their problems. But you can't solve your own."

He began to tell me about himself. I remembered that Mary once told me just to let a man talk about himself and listen—and he'll think you're wonderful. But I really wanted to listen and he seemed so eager to talk. Most of his life he'd spent alone, working and trying to go ahead. First in an advertising agency and then on a newspaper, and all the time he was writing on the side and selling a few stories. But he never had the money to go on parties and things like that.

"I guess the word for me is plain ordinary bashful," he confessed.

I said it was marvelous that even though he didn't have a smooth line like most men, he could still give such help to others over the radio, and he said, "You see, I can think things out perfectly all right. As long as I can write them down and read them over the radio, it doesn't bother me at all. It's only when—"

"But you don't seem bothered now." "It's because you don't frighten me. When I'm with a woman, usually, I'm scared. I think she's looking at me, making up her mind about me. With you—you seem so real, Grace."

"That's what I was thinking about you," I told him.

LATER that night, much, much later —we'd gone to a movie and visited two exciting little cabarets I'd read about but never seen—I said I thought it was time to go home and Bob said why didn't we take a ride first through the park.

"We'll hire one of those one-horse buggies," Bob declared. "I've always wanted to ride in one."

I told him I thought it would be fun, so we got into one of those hacks that stand in front of the hotel, with a driver who wore a silk hat.

We plodded and creaked our way through the deserted park. Bob put his arm along the back of the seat—hesitantly—and I leaned closer to him and his arm went around my shoulder.

After a while, I said, "Bob, was it really because my letter was more interesting than all the others? Was that why you wanted to meet me?"

Bob hesitated, seeming to fumble for words.

"In a way, it was. You see, some of the executives in the office thought I wasn't getting out enough. They thought I ought to meet some of my listeners. A day or so ago, one of the bosses went through my mail and picked out a bunch of letters. Finally, he settled on yours. Said it would do me good to go out and learn what a person who wrote that kind of letter was like. He thought—"

I sat up straight. The most horrible feeling ran through me. In those few words of his, I felt the whole evening had been destroyed. I felt sick and beaten and tears were close but I said very coldly, "I see. I was a—a

case history. A laboratory experiment. Part of your job!"

"No, Grace!" Bob was excited. "It isn't so."

Something urgent in his tone made me pause. "You mean—"

"I mean I've found something real. Do you understand that?" His voice was vibrant and confident, the way he sounded on the radio. "When I started out, it's true, I expected to meet someone who would show me what part of my audience is like. But this isn't like that at all, Grace. This is—"

His arm drew me closer to him. He went on, "I don't understand what happened to me, Grace. Do you—do you understand it?"

I said, "Maybe you need someone to give you advice on problems of the heart."

Bob smiled. "Maybe I do." He ordered the coachman to drive to my apartment house. When we were almost home, Bob said, "Will you—let me see you again?"

My heart was pounding a little too hard. "What do you think?" I asked.

"Tomorrow night?"

"Isn't it true," I inquired, "that you always advise young ladies never to seem too anxious?"

"Perfectly true," he answered. "But in this case we might make an exception."

"Why?"

"Because—because until tomorrow night is going to be such a long time."

We had reached my house. Bob helped me down and walked with me to the door. I turned and he reached out and took my hand and held it in his own.

"Grace," he began, "I—may I—"

I said, "Bob, do you want to kiss me good night?"

But he didn't answer. He simply took me in his arms and kissed me.

MINUTES later, I heard the horse plodding off, with Bob riding in the back seat of the hack, like a conquering prince.

I hurried up the stairs. Mary was still up, waiting for me. I expected her to be all questions, but she only said, "I know, dear. It was Mr. Monday, wasn't it?"

I looked at her and for one second my heart froze. It was all so clear. Mary had induced me to write the letter. And Preston—he was one of the heads of the radio company—he must have been the one Bob meant when he said people had been urging him to go out with some of his fans. Preston was the one who had picked out my letter—!

I looked into her eyes and I knew it was the truth. But then the strangest thing in the world happened. I wasn't upset or angry, didn't feel bad about it at all. In the past I would have been almost distracted, would have thought they had tricked me and were making fun of me. But now it was different. Now I had something they didn't know about, something they couldn't know. Something real and exciting. This was my romance.

I nodded and ran over and kissed her and then I started for my room. I was thinking that I wouldn't have long to wait to see him. Only until—I looked at the clock and it was almost two in the morning. Only until tonight!

As I walked into my room, I had the oddest sensation—as if there were no floor and I was walking on air!

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Love At Second Sight

Continued from page 35



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herself as though she were beautiful, though, he noticed, critically. When they were introduced, she just smiled, faintly, and said "Hello" most casually. She didn't try to impress him at all. It made him kind of sore. So he didn't try to impress her, either.

Things went on that way all through dinner. Roberta was charming to the Smiths, casually polite to Jimmie. Later, when they were having coffee in the living room, Charlie Smith suggested backgammon.

"I don't play it," Jimmie said.
"Bobbe, here, will teach you," Mrs. Smith suggested. "She's wonderful!"
Bobbe declined, coolly. "We should both be bored, I am sure."

"You two girls play and I'll watch," Jimmie said.

So Bobbe and Mrs. Smith played a couple of games while he looked on. Then he announced, "It's a cinch. I challenge Miss Law!"

Miss Law's smile was touched with malice. "Certainly, although I shall hate to take your money."

"Maybe you won't take it," Jimmie told her, airily.

Now ordinarily, you could write your own ending to the story of any contest involving a novice and an expert. The novice usually loses. But there is one thing you may not know about Jimmie Fidler and that is—he has an uncanny flair for games. He can watch almost any variety, from gin rummy to fan tan, for a few minutes, then play it like a veteran. He seldom if ever loses.

That night, in the pretty living room of the Charles Smiths' of Hollywood, his backgammon was terrific, too. He played one game with the expert Miss Law, and she owed him \$4.50. He played another, and she owed him \$6.00 more.

Whereupon, she pushed away the board. "So you didn't know how to play backgammon!" she remarked, sarcastically.

"So I didn't!" Jimmie echoed, perversely refraining from explaining his above mentioned peculiar talent for all games. "But," he added, with an infuriating grin, "I do, now!"

Bobbe moved across the room to the fireplace. "Stalked" is the word Jimmie uses now in describing her. "She was furious," he says, reminiscently. As his eyes followed her, he grinned again, impudently.

Suddenly, though, and inexplicably, he did what is described in Hollywood's film studios as a "double-take." Where, one instant, he had seen merely a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl dressed in red, her eyes glinting dangerously and the flush of temper bright in her cheeks, the next, he be-

held—and the phrase is his own—"a raving beauty." He saw the perfection of her features, the intelligence and charm of her vivid, arresting face. He saw the loveliness of her figure, dainty, graceful, symmetrical. He saw that she was like an exquisite figurine fashioned by a master's hand. Wonderingly, he stared at her, and the more he stared the less he could find wrong with her. The more he stared, the more certain he became that here, strangely but inevitably, was a girl who was to mean everything to him. Everything . . .

And, as though impelled by the force of his conviction, Bobbe Law raised her eyes to his and that wonderful and lovely alchemy which is the dawning of romance, was complete between them. For a long moment, both were silent. They just stood and looked at each other.

At last, Roberta spoke, and the smile that went with her words was a beautiful thing to see, "Were we quarreling?" she asked Jimmie.

Jimmie crossed the room and stood before her, his heart in his eyes. "We couldn't have been," he said, softly. . .

Jimmie took her back to her hotel that night, and as she sat in his car beside him, it was as though she had been there many times before. They didn't say much as they drove through the quiet streets of Hollywood. Why did they need to when, in the mind and heart of each was the treasured knowledge that this blind date which had gotten off to such a bad start was finishing "in the money?"

They're married, now, Jimmie Fidler and Bobbe Law. They were married February 20, 1936, and they've celebrated, happily, some seventy-four anniversaries since—seventy-four because they've set aside the 20th of each month since as a special day. And if, sometimes, they have their little quarrels—and what married couple doesn't?—these never last very long. They'll be mad as hops about something and then, suddenly, they will stop in the middle of speaking their minds and look at the other, even as they did that December night when they quarreled over backgammon. And Jimmie, perhaps, will grin and remark, "You look very pretty when you're mad. I noticed it the first time I met you . . ." Or, if it is Bobbe who is prepared to give in first, she will say, "You needn't get so heated! You won't be able to stay that way!" Which is perfectly true.

Tune in Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood Gossip broadcast Monday evenings at 7:00, EWT, over the Blue Network, sponsored by Arrid.



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Mrs. Murgatroyd's Dime

Continued from page 3

to fight to keep from busting out crying like a common penny.

But then—then it was Mrs. Murgatroyd clapped eyes on me. "Oh—oh!" she says, and I see by her face she's glad to see me. It's tough being in a big city and nobody caring. You don't know how tough it is being a dime. What's a greenback got that I ain't got? Just a better start in life, that's all. Unfair.

But Mrs. Murgatroyd scoops me up, pops me in her pocket, and goes off home. You never heard of Mrs. Murgatroyd neither. She's a scrubwoman. in one of them big cheese-cake skyscrapers. Works hard, scrubbin' while you sleep . . . Well, I hang around Mrs. Murgatroyd. I get to know her. Poor and proud. Nice old lady. I get real attached to her. Now this is the pay-off. Swingin' along in her purse, I hear people talkin' about the war. And I hear her friends chinin' about war stamps and bonds. Patriotic. You know. I didn't pay much attention. You get cynical banging around in cash registers. Anyway, I know Mrs. Murgatroyd don't quite live off what she makes. Still, the talk goes on, and you can imagine my surprise when one day I find myself and the old lady standing in one of the stations, watching 'em go up to the window. They're buying stamps. One, two, five and ten dollars. "Oh, no," I try to tell her. "Let's go home, lady. We're in fancy company." But she stands there, then all of a sudden she straightens her

battered hat and sidles up to the window.

"Once there was a widder, and a widder's mite," she whispers to herself. Then she says aloud. "One stamp. One ten cent stamp. Here's my dime."

As I leave the old lady's hand, I feel sorta funny. Her dime. That's me. I belong to somebody.

"No matter what happens to me, Mrs. Murgatroyd," I says, "I won't forget you."

And a lot happened. Me and the other defense dimes went down to Washington and waited until there was enough of us to pay for a torpedo. And you know what? Somehow, I wasn't a dime anymore. I was the torpedo. Sure, I know what a torpedo

costs—about 12 thousand dollars—but it was me and all the dimes from all the Mrs. Murgatroyds around—we was in that torpedo.

Well, I was shipped into a submarine chamber and left in the dark. I could feel I was ridin' under the sea, and I began to tingle all over. Here was I, Mrs. Murgatroyd's dime, now the tip of a big torpedo. I felt proud. No—my rise in the world didn't go to my head. I was there, on the tip of the torpedo, concentratin' on what I'd have to do. Then there was a lot of noise, and the next thing I know, I'm in the barrel of a gun, and I see a big ship spittin' smoke and flame at me. I got mad, and took a deep breath.

"Any minute now," I says. And I starts countin' . . .

"One . . . two . . . three . . ."

I go speedin' through the green waves, cuttin' foam up on every side—me leadin' all the other dimes—a big silver fish slicin' up the water—the boat gets closer and closer—I'm headin' for the magazine, I think—and—there she is ahead—quick—now—

I sank her. And I sank with 'er. Me! Mrs. Murgatroyd's dime, sinkin' a destroyer. Well, whatta ya know! I wonder what the old lady would think of me now?

(Originally broadcast by Robert Montgomery on The Treasury Star Parade)

Overheard

ALMA KITCHELL'S STREAMLINE JOURNAL, the Blue Network:

Those Who Live in Glass Hats: Instead of straw, some spring bonnets, are made of crys-tenite, a synthetic braid, which looks like horsehair. Straw is not native to our shores, and we won't be able to import it. Expect to see synthetic fabrics of all kinds for Spring toppers.

More pleasure in a game of golf...



THEN—
even in 1911, when lady golfers dressed like this, the delicious refreshing flavor of Beech-Nut Gum made golfing more pleasant

...AND NOW—
that same distinctive long-lasting flavor adds enjoyment to anything you do.
Try a package today.



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

Come Away, My Love!

Continued from page 9

find no comfort in the thought that she was doing her duty to her father. She didn't feel heroic or noble. She didn't feel anything but hopelessness. All she could see ahead of her was years of captivity and deadness. And she didn't even have one memory to take into those empty years with her.

But by the time, hours later, when the train had reached her station, Louise's tears had worn themselves out. Stepping down to the platform, she saw Henry coming toward her.

"Your Pa asked me to fetch you home," he said. "I got the wagon over here."

"Thank you, Henry," Louise said. She followed his lumbering, loose stride to the end of the platform.

He helped her up into the seat and climbed up beside her and, a moment later, they were rattling over the paved highway.

"Too bad 'bout your Aunt Matilda," he said.

"Yes," Louise said, her throat choking up with tears.

"One good thing," Henry said comfortingly, "she didn't suffer none—went sudden like. Too bad, though—she was a good woman." He was silent for a bit. "Well," he sighed, at last, "your Pa'll be glad to have you back. My Anna's been doin' for him the last couple of days, but it ain't been easy—with the plowin' and all."

"I know," Louise said. "Thank you, Henry."

They turned off the highway and bumped along the dirt road leading to the farm. "Almost home, now," Henry said.

HOME, Louise thought. She could barely remember the farm when it had been home. Once it had been a white house with green shutters, set down in the midst of rolling fields of sunlit, yellow grain. There had been a truck garden and a big, red barn and horses and cows and chickens.

Louise's eyes took in the fields on either side of the rutted road. The gray of the twilight accentuated the desolation. The fields had been idle and weed-grown and neglected for years. The fences that had once enclosed the pasture were falling into decay. No matter, Louise thought, there were no cows now.

Up ahead lay the house. It had been built on the foundation of the burned one. In the deepening twilight, in spite of the light burning from her father's window, it looked deserted and haunted. Like a house in which no one had lived for a long time.

Henry pulled up the horse. "Well," he said, "here we are. I'll have to be gettin' on home."

Louise climbed down from the seat and caught her suitcase as Henry threw it down to her. She murmured her thanks and turned to the house. For a moment, she stood quite still in the gathering darkness. The door creaked as she opened it. Inside, it was murky dark and the air smelled stale, shut in.

At the back of the hall a door opened and a streak of light fell across the splintered floor-boards. Then Louise heard her father's wheel-chair.

"Anna? It's about time—" his high, querulous voice complained. "No one remembers a crippled man, seems like—" He stopped suddenly, as he

caught sight of her. "So you've come home, have you?" No welcome, no greeting. "So you've come home," he repeated coldly. "I told you not to go. I told you it was sinful to go against my wishes. But you wouldn't listen. You had to bring the wrath of the Lord down on us. Because of your sinful desires for—for—I don't know what—we've had to pay. Your Aunt Matilda had to die to show you the evil of your ways!"

Louise wanted to tell him it had been his own selfish demands that had killed Aunt Matilda, literally worked her to death. But she didn't say it.

"I'm back now," she said. "And I don't ever want to talk about my trip to New York again."

Her father chuckled maliciously. "That's sensible," he said. Then, "I'm hungry. I haven't had a decent meal

vegetables for supper, she heard the wind wailing over the fields and beating against the side of the house. Through the window over the sink, she watched the thick, black clouds tossing and whirling in the darkening sky. Her father wheeled himself into the kitchen.

"Louise," he ordered. "A storm's blowing. Go and lock the barn." The idea was so ridiculous that Louise laughed. "What are you laughing at?"

"The barn—locking it," Louise said. "There's nothing there."

"Don't talk back to me!" her father said angrily. "If I could walk, I'd teach you to be respectful. I'd show you. Oh, I wish I could walk!"

"I wish you could, too!" Louise cried. "I'd never have come back, if you could get around."

She saw her father wince with pain. "It's a wonder you did come back," he murmured, covering his face with his thin hands. "It's a wonder you don't leave me here to die alone."

At once, Louise regretted her outburst. "You know I'll never leave you alone," she said. "I could have stayed away. I was free in New York. But I came back."

They were still, then. Somewhere in the front of the house a shutter banged against the wall.

"You'd better close that shutter, Louise," her father said, more gently than he had spoken to her in years.

Louise had barely fastened the shutter before the storm broke. The wind-driven rain beat down on the house, making a deafening clatter against the shingles. Louise checked all the windows and went back toward the kitchen. She had just stepped into the room when someone knocked at the front door.

Her father threw up his head. "What's that?"

"Someone's at the door," Louise said. "I'll see who—"

"No," her father said nervously. "Don't open the door. Don't let anyone in. It might be a thief—"

"Father," Louise admonished with a little laugh, "it's just someone lost in the storm."

"They can go somewhere else," her father said. "Haven't we had enough bad luck, without inviting it into the house?"

But Louise had already reached the door and opened it. Someone, someone tall, murmured an apology and stepped inside.

"Phew!" a hearty voice laughed. "I might as well have been standing in a river."

LOUISE could see him now. He was a stranger, young, not more than twenty-five, she thought. His hair was black and curly and his eyes were very dark and alert. He was tall, with broad shoulders.

He shook himself and grinned. "My name's Denis Wilson," he said. "Mind if I take off my coat?"

"What do you want?" Louise's father said. "This isn't a tourist home. You can't stay here."

The young man stared at him. "I'm sorry to bust in this way—but—it's pretty bad out there and I saw the light—"

"I don't want any strangers here," Louise's father said, "storm or no storm."



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in three days. That Anna can't cook."

It was on the tip of Louise's tongue to ask him how he could be so ungrateful. She didn't, though. It seemed too pointless. Instead, she left her luggage at the foot of the stairs and went into the kitchen.

She lit the lamp and her throat choked up with tears again. Aunt Matilda's apron hung on a nail by the stove. Her darning basket still sat on a corner of the table, a needle stuck into a sock, as though she were coming back to it any minute. Quickly, Louise thrust it out of sight on a shelf. She went to the pantry and busied herself with her father's supper.

In the next few days, Louise drove herself to the limits of her strength, working, working, doing anything to keep herself from thinking.

The nights were bad. The darkness seemed to make a trap of the house, imprisoning her with her father.

Then one evening as she washed the

The young man shrugged and turned to the door. "Okay, Mister, if that's the way you feel—"

Louise caught his arm. "Wait," she said. "You can stay."

"Louise!" her father cried.

She faced him calmly. "This happens to be my house, too," she said. Before her father could retort, she went on, "It's not human to send anyone out into that storm." She turned to Denis Wilson. "You can stay until the storm is over."

"Thanks," Denis said. "I haven't got much, but I'm willing to pay for anything—"

Louise stopped him. "My father just said this isn't a tourist home. There's no need to pay for anything. Come into the kitchen and get dry."

She went back to preparing the supper. All the while, she was terribly aware of the young man's eyes following her wherever she moved. He tried to talk to her father, but the old man ignored him. All through supper, too, her father was silent and watchful. However, nothing seemed to dampen the spirits of the stranger. He talked energetically about all sorts of things and praised the food until Louise felt herself blushing. As soon as he finished his supper, her father wheeled himself to his room.

"Your father's kind of sore at life, isn't he?" Denis asked. He stretched and started to roll a cigarette.

"Yes," Louise said. Then, almost defensively, she started explaining about her father, about the fire and the years of suffering that had followed. At first, she only talked of him. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly, encouraged by the interest and sympathy in Denis Wilson's glowing, dark eyes, she found herself

talking about her own life, her dreams of freedom, her escape and her return.

Suddenly, her father's voice cut her short. "You can tell that fellow to go, now," he called from his room. "He's had a hot meal—he's rested. Tell him to go."

Denis reached for his now dry coat. "Maybe I'd better," he said.

"No," Louise said quickly. Then she realized how importunate she must have sounded and blushed. She didn't care, though. She didn't want him to go away. Not yet. She had never talked to anyone the way she had talked to him. She had never felt so alive and responsive to anyone or anything before, not even when she had been in New York. "No," she said more quietly. "You can't go out in this storm. Listen—that's flood rain. Where would you go?"

Denis shrugged his shoulders. "Oh—I'll find some place," he said. "Might as well be on my way."

"Where?" Louise asked.

Denis grinned. "West, I guess. I figure it's time for me to settle down. Guess I've seen my share of the world—"

"The world—?" Louise sat down, her eyes filled with wonder.

"Most of it, anyway," Denis said. "I'm like you. I wanted to go where life was—to see everything there was to see. I saw it." he smiled. "Some of it was good—some of it was bad. But I saw it. I was in Spain—in the war. I've been in China—drove a supply truck until we got blown up."

"Oh!" Louise cried.

"That's all right," he said. "I got better—almost. Not enough better to get into the Army here—but I'm

strong enough to do my share. I'm heading farther West—to work on a farm, somewhere. The Army has to be fed, too," he grinned.

"But you can't go, now," Louise said. "Not yet."

"Your father—" Denis began.

"He'll understand," Louise said. "I'll make him understand."

BUT her father didn't understand. In the morning, he was furious when he discovered that Denis had slept on a cot in the kitchen. He said some wild things about having a stranger in their house and ordered her to send Denis packing. Luckily, Denis was in the cellar, getting wood for the stove, so he didn't hear.

A little to her own surprise, Louise said, "I won't do it. You can't make me. I wouldn't turn a dog out into that—" she pointed to the outdoors, where the rain was still beating at the earth with unabated fury.

Her father's lips tightened with anger, but Louise stood her ground, staring him down. Slowly, he lowered his eyes. He looked stunned and confused and wheeled himself back to his room. Louise realized she was standing very straight, her shoulders back, defiant. Somehow, she felt strangely free. It took her a moment to understand why. She had defied her father and won! She was no longer a slave to his command!

So long as it continued to rain, Louise felt secure. During the next two days and nights, she did not stop to examine the things that were in her heart. She was glad Denis was there. She was happy when he helped her with the work. She loved to listen to his descriptions of distant places and share in the excitement of

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his adventures. And if, as it did sometimes in the night, the thought came to her that it would stop raining and he would go on his way, she put the thought from her. She didn't want to think of that.

Her father, on the other hand, thought of nothing else. When he talked at all, he speculated on how long the rain would last. He didn't trouble to hide his dislike for Denis. And gradually, Louise couldn't help noticing a strange look growing in her father's piercing eyes, a look of suspicion and fear. She couldn't understand it. Surely, he must see by now that Denis was not dangerous.

IT wasn't until the rain began to ease up a little on the third night that Louise found out what was in her father's mind.

She and Denis were doing the supper dishes. It was quiet in the kitchen and outside the rain had worn itself into a whisper.

Denis chuckled. "You know," he said reminiscently, "it drizzled like that in Pernambuco for two weeks straight, once. Nearly drove us all crazy."

"Pernambuco?" Louise asked softly. "That's one of the places I've always wanted to see."

"I wish I could take you there," Denis said. Then, suddenly, he was talking very fast, as though he had to say things that had been pent up too long. "I wish I could take you there, Louise. There and all the other places you've wanted to go. I want to take you away from here and see you come alive and teach you to laugh into the wind. I want to see the sun shining in that yellow hair of yours and walk beside you down any and every road. Louise, darling," he whispered, his strong hands grasping her arms and pulling her close to him. "Louise, come away with me. Come away before it's too late, before he's stifled the life out of you."

Like a burst of light, happiness flooded through Louise. This was what she wanted, this, the strong arms holding her, the lips soft on her neck, her hair, her lips, this was what she had thought she would never know. Never! Then she remembered. She buried her face in Denis's shoulder and moaned, "No, no, don't. I can't. I can't leave him!"

Denis kissed her hair. "Darling, listen," he pleaded. "You can't stay here. You'll die. You'll get like he is—bitter and ugly and useless. Come away with me—now—"

"Very pretty!"

They jumped apart. Louise's father was in the doorway, scowling at them from his wheelchair.

"Don't let me stop you!" He laughed

harshly and it was an ugly sound. "I've been expecting something like this." And Louise realized that this was what he had feared—that she would fall in love and be tempted to leave him. "Do you think I don't know what's been going on? Do you think I'm deaf and blind as well as crippled? I warned you, Louise. I told you not to let him in—a thief—a scoundrel—"

"Listen, you," Denis stepped forward, his fists tight.

"Father, please—" Louise began.

"You wouldn't listen to me!" her father yelled. "You never believe me! All right—find out for yourself, then! Go on, go away with him—go ahead and live—" he laughed again. "But when he's through with you—when he's deserted you—don't come back here, because I won't let you in! I won't let you in! Do you hear?"

Denis pulled at Louise's arm. "Louise, come with me. No matter what happens to us—it will be better than staying here with this—this—"

"That's right, call me names!" Louise's father shouted. "That's the way to pay me back for feeding you! Get out of here! Get out of here, you—!"

Denis's hand tightened on Louise's arm. "Take it easy," he warned, or—

The older man's eyes glared insanely. Suddenly he pulled a shotgun from under the blanket on his knees. "Get out of here!" Without thinking, Louise stepped between the gun and Denis. Her father laughed madly. "Protecting him, are you? That's fine! You'd better go with him, then. Go on, get out of here, both of you—before I kill you!"

"Come on, Louise," Denis whispered tensely. "He's crazy. He'll do it."

In a daze, Louise let herself be pulled to the door. The next moment, the rain was pouring down on them. Behind them, her father was laughing, still shouting after them.

"The barn," Louise said. "Run for the barn."

Her knees were weak from fright. She could hardly reach the shelter of the barn, and once inside it she leaned against the wall and struggled to catch her breath.

Denis squeezed her hand. "He did it," he said exultantly. "He did what you'd never have done yourself. He set you free."

"Yes," Louise said. Her father had driven her from the house. He had warned her never to come back. She was free.

"Tomorrow," Denis said softly, we'll get married."

"Married?" she whispered.

Denis grinned and drew her close. "Of course," he whispered. "Do you

think I'll ever let you go, now that I've found you?"

She leaned against him, feeling warm and safe, her heart too full for words.

"Listen, darling," Denis said suddenly. "It's stopped raining."

Louise raised her head from his shoulder and looked outside. The very air was still, with that strange, deep silence that comes after some steady sound has stopped. The clouds were rolling away and the moon was shining, making everything stand out very sharply in the still, clean air.

"It's like a new world," Denis said. "Our world."

Just then, a thin, pathetic cry broke the stillness. "Louise! Louise!" It came from the house, small and lost and incredibly lonely. Louise shuddered.

"Don't listen to him," Denis whispered.

Her father called her again and now his voice was filled with terror, as though he had just realized what he had done.

Louise covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Denis," she cried, "I can't leave him—ever. He's old and helpless and so alone. He needs me."

"I need you, too," Denis said.

Louise shook the tears from her eyes. "No—not as much. You're young—everything's ahead of you. But he's old and crippled—and helpless, all because—because he saved my life—and my mother's." The desperate, frightened cry came again. "I've got to go back, Denis," Louise said softly.

"No," Denis said.

"Thank you for this—this little while," she whispered. "I'll always remember—always—"

Denis stared at her, his eyes hurt and bewildered. He dropped his hands to his sides. She was free to go.

"Goodbye, Denis," Louise said. She was taking leave of all her dreams. She started toward the house.

SUDDENLY, Denis was by her side, holding her back. "Louise!" he said. "That field—" he pointed, "does it belong to you?"

Louise nodded. "And that one over there," she said. "And on the other side of the road, too. They used to be wheat fields—long ago."

"They could be again," Denis said. She shook her head. "Don't you see, darling?" Denis went on urgently.

"They could be worked again. We could work them—you and I."

"You and I—?"

Denis laughed, suddenly, deep in his throat. "Louise, you didn't think I'd leave you!" he said. "We'll stay here. We'll bring this place to life. It won't be so hard to do, if we're together."

"But father—" Louise said.

"We'll bring him back to life, too," Denis said. "I know why he hated me. He was afraid of me. He thought I'd take you away. But he won't hate me, now. Not if I bring you back."

"Louise!" Her father's voice was weak, now, utterly hopeless.

"Come on, Louise," Denis said, grasping her hand.

They started back toward the house. Her heart was singing, her head was high. She didn't see the puddled path that led to the house. All she saw was a wide, beautiful road into the future, down which she and Denis were walking hand in hand, together—always.



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When a Girl Marries

Continued from page 38

wrong." But what it was she didn't know . . .

The Ashbey case was, as Harry had said, an important one for a young, unknown lawyer. He had been retained by a rich and charitable matron to contest the custody of Lola Ashbey, now under the guardianship of her aunt. "Mrs. Ashbey's one of those people," he explained to Joan, "who puts up a great show of being a poor old widow and who is really mean as a witch underneath." She earned a meager living by sewing for some of the town's richer families, but it was Harry's contention that she had virtually stolen the small inheritance left Lola by her dead parents and that she kept the girl, who was now in her early teens, in dire and quite unnecessary poverty until such time as she could get her off her hands. Then she would leave Stanwood, and live in ease the rest of her life off her ill-gotten gains.

It was hard to prove, as those things always are. Harry's main task was getting evidence with which to show why Lola should be taken from her aunt's care, and her rightful inheritance put in trust for her. "I know I'm right," Harry said, "but I've got to prove it."

THE day of the hearing, he said, "Don't come to court, honey. It would make me nervous knowing you were there, and heaven knows I'm nervous enough as it is."

So Joan waited at home in a fever of uncertainty. Lola Ashbey was an appealing, yellow-haired youngster, and the newspapers played up the case for its human interest. HEARING SET FOR TODAY IN CINDERELLA CASE. Joan read it over and over, trying to project herself into the courtroom and guess what was happening there. She had great faith in Harry's ability, but cases like this could so easily go either way. If he won, it would mean recognition and more cases. If he lost—but he couldn't lose!

All day she waited by the telephone. At five o'clock, there was a screech of brakes as a car stopped in front of the house. Then Harry was running up the sidewalk. She ran to meet him.

"We've won! We've won!" He picked her up and whirled her around. "Oh, Joanie, isn't it wonderful!"

She snatched the newspaper from him, and they both read the story. Phrases like "Under Mr. Davis' adroit questioning . . . the young attorney's merciless cross-examination . . ." leapt out at her. There were even pictures, one of Harry and his client with Lola, and another of the defeated Mrs. Ashbey.

"What a mean face she's got," Joan said. "Poor girl, living with a woman like that."

"That's the thing," Harry said soberly. "It's not so much winning the case for itself. I feel I've done something. I've helped a child have a chance for a good home and kindness, and I've shown an evil old woman up for what she is. I wish we could have sent her to jail. But we couldn't prove she'd actually spent any of the inheritance. She'd just salted it away, and kept Lola living in half starvation. So all we could do



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was take the girl away from her and put the money in trust. But—oh, Joan—our first case—

"Let's celebrate! Let's go out to dinner! Oh, darling—" Joan clung to him. "I'm so proud of you."

He held her close and neither of them spoke. All the barriers were down, all the strain forgotten. She and Harry were together again!

The phone jangled sharply. Joan ran to answer it.

It was her mother. Her voice came sharp and excited. "Joan, have you heard? Do you know what's happened?"

"Oh, yes, and isn't it wonderful! Harry's first case—"

"I'm not talking about Harry. It's Phil and Eve. He's left her."

"Oh!" She felt deflated. "I'm sorry, Mother, but—"

"That's not all. He came up to his mother's last night and Eve followed him and told Mrs. Stanley right to her face that it was you who had broken up her marriage."

"But it isn't true, Mother. She doesn't know what she's saying."

"Of course it isn't true, but she'll tell everybody in town. You've got to stop her. Harry's got to stop her. He's a lawyer, isn't he? He can threaten to sue her for slander or something. This ridiculous story must be stopped."

"I'll talk to Harry, Mother. But Eve can't really do us any harm."

"Oh, Joan, how blind you are! If you just hadn't gone and buried yourself down there where nobody ever sees you. They'll believe anything about you. If you'd just—" On and on she talked.

HARRY shook his head gravely when she told him. All the happiness was gone from his face and his voice when he said, "Apparently Phil couldn't make her change her feelings about you. What a mess!"

"Honey, I wish you'd let me talk to Eve. I understand her and she'd listen to me—"

"That would only make it worse, and it's bad enough already. Gossip can be pretty vicious, in a town like this. The only thing we can hope for is that they'll patch it up, somehow . . ." The phone rang again. "More bad news, I suppose. I'll take it this time."

When he came back from the hall, his face wore a peculiar expression. "And that was Mrs. Ashbey. What a vocabulary she's got!"

"What did she want?"

"To skin me alive. To drop me in boiling oil. She told me I'd rue the day I took a little child from a poor, helpless old woman."

"You mean she threatened you?"

"She tried to. But don't worry, honey. There's nothing she can do. Lawyers are always having disgruntled people after them. She's just sore from losing all that money."

"Oh, honey, I am worried. First, Eve—and now this. Why can't people leave us alone—just when we were beginning to be happy again? If only—"

"Let's not think about ifs, Joan."

At his bleak tone, she looked up. She thought of all his hours of work, his brilliant handling of the case. He had deserved the fruits of his victory and they had been taken away. She tried to pump some gaiety in her voice when she answered.

"You're right. Let's not think about any of it. Let's go celebrate!"

"Yes," Harry echoed hollowly, "let's go—celebrate . . ."

Joan lived with a strange sort of foreboding the next few days. She tried to dismiss it as silly and melodramatic, but it lurked persistently under the surface of her thoughts. It was as if forces over which she had no control were at work against her.



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True to his promise, Phil did not get in touch with her. But she heard of him through her mother. Mrs. Field held an agitated telephone conversation with her nearly every day, and Joan wryly told Harry it was like receiving daily bulletins from a battle front.

Phil wanted a divorce, Mrs. Field said, but so far Eve refused to give it to him. Eve was behaving, she said, as if she were out of her senses. She had passed her the other morning in her car on the road from the Ridge, and Eve had been doing at least seventy miles an hour and around all those curves, too. She had been seen at a wayside tavern the other night, drinking with that fast Fletcher couple. "If you ask me," Mrs. Field went on, "Phil will soon have reason to divorce her. Oh, Joan, if you'd only listened to me in the first place. You and Phil would have been so happy together and now the poor boy is utterly wretched."

Joan shut her ears when her mother talked like that.

She could not shut her ears, though, when Mrs. Field told her of Eve's latest escapade. "She went to the dance at the Club last night because she knew Phil was going to be there. And she publicly accused him of wanting a divorce because of you. She said right out that you were the cause of their breaking up!"

"And the whole Club heard?"

"Of course they did!" her mother shrilled. "I've gotten it from all sides this morning. Joan, you must do something. This is the last straw."

"I will do something," Joan said through white lips.

Her small chin set at a determined angle, she hurried the six blocks to the Stanley cottage.

She hardly recognized the girl who opened the door. All of Eve's fire and impetuosity seemed to have gone

into her eyes. Too big for her thin, white face, they smouldered with a sort of reckless abandon. When she saw Joan, they turned hard.

"Oh—it's you," she said. She made no move to ask her in.

"I've come to talk to you, Eve," she said gently. "Won't you let me in?"

Reluctantly, Eve stepped back and Joan followed her into the house. All its bright gloss was gone. Dead cigarette butts overflowed the ashtrays, and the room had a musty smell. Joan shivered. It was as if something had died there—dreams, maybe.

"You shouldn't live here alone like this," she began. "It's wrong. It's not healthy, brooding over unhappiness."

I DIDN'T let you in to give me a sermon," Eve said in a hard voice. "What I do is my own business now. What did you want to talk to me about?"

"About the—the things you've been saying. You know they're not true. Why do you want to hurt me, Eve—and Harry and Phil as well?"

"Because I hate you." The words were like acid. "You had Phil once and you threw him over. When I had my chance for happiness, you wouldn't let him go. You played dog in the manger. Why shouldn't I hurt you?"

"Eve, you've let this poison your mind. I wanted to see you two happy and I told Phil so, over and over."

"And felt very superior about it, too, having him run to you with his troubles. Well, let me tell you something. I used to think you and Harry were swell. That you were kind and generous and all that stuff. Now I know you both for what you are—just

vicious hypocrites!"

"Leave Harry out of this," Joan said angrily.

"Oh, no, I won't. He's just as bad as you are. He took a child away from a poor, helpless old woman and left her alone and penniless. That's what your precious Harry did."

"That's ridiculous. You don't know anything about it!"

"Don't I?" Her laugh was harsh. "Mrs. Ashbey used to sew for mother years ago, and she came to see me a few days ago for work. She told me the whole story."

Joan got a tight grip on herself. The girl was really, as her mother had said, out of her senses. She believed these things because she wanted to, out of her misery.

"Eve," she said quietly, "we've known each other ever since we were born. You're unhappy now, and you're turning on people who love and could help you. You're letting yourself believe lies. I think you do hate me. But can't you see you're hurting yourself just as surely as if you were taking poison? That's what hate does. And you're hurting others too—especially Phil, whom you love."

Eve's voice cut through her words. "You and your pious talk! What do you know about being hurt? You've had everything you wanted all your life, including both Harry and Phil. Well, this time you're going to suffer too. I'd even give Phil up if I thought by doing it I could make you feel the sort of pain I've had. Now leave me alone!"

Filled with a shocked sadness, Joan slowly walked home. This was what unhappiness could do to people. Harry was right. Talking hadn't done

any good. She flung herself across the bed and wept—for Eve and Phil and all of them. But the tears didn't do any good either. . . .

At least, Joan reflected next day, one good thing had come out of her talk with Eve: Phil and Harry had a better understanding of each other. Phil had come over last night at Harry's request to discuss the situation, and the three of them had had a fine talk, free of rancor, or anger. They had agreed, quite objectively, that Eve was more to be pitied than anything else. She was like a sick person, and Phil said he would try to persuade her to leave town for a while until their affairs could be settled calmly and sanely. She would be better off without him in her life, and he was sure she would agree to a divorce after she had had time to think things over.

And then Phil had said in a manly, straightforward way: "One of the things I regret most about all this, Harry, is that it's kept you and me from really knowing each other. I think we could be friends. Won't you and Joan have dinner with my mother and me some night soon?"

"We'd like to very much," Harry had said simply, and Joan could have kissed him.

THE dinner had been arranged for the very next night—up at the Stanleys' old lodge at Mountain Top. An old-fashioned, outdoor steak-fry just for the four of them. Joan felt happier, thinking of it. At least some of the misunderstandings would be cleared away, and the tension they had been living under relieved. Even her strange forebodings faded.

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But when Harry came home he had disappointing news. "I've got to go to Chicago tonight," he said. "A new case for a new client. It's for only two days but I've got to leave right away. You'd better call Phil and make our excuses."

"Oh, dear, he'll be so disappointed." Then, halfway to the phone, she stopped. "Honey, I can't phone him. He and his mother were going up to the Lodge early to get things ready, and the telephone is disconnected up there. What'll we do?"

Harry frowned. "It was such a darn nice gesture I hate to let him down. But I can't let a client down, either."

"I could go on alone, I suppose, as long as there is no way to get in touch with them. But I don't want to."

"I don't like it, either, but I guess there's no help for it. Be sure and tell them how sorry I am."

Joan dropped him at the station in time to catch the 5:35, and then drove on up to Mountain Top. The long winding road brought back memories of childhood summers when she had visited at the Stanley Lodge. A lot of Stanwood people had had country places up there then. With the depression, many of them had been boarded up or sold, and now only a few families still used them. The Stanley Lodge hadn't been opened since old Mr. Stanley died four years before.

SHE drove up beside the big, weather-beaten, shingled house and stopped. Phil in a white apron was broiling steaks over the outdoor grill. He waved a long-handled fork at her and grinned.

"Hi! Where's Harry?" "He was called out of town at the last minute, Phil. He was just sick about it—why, what's the matter?"

He was looking at her oddly. "My mother couldn't come, either. She picked up a heavy cold last night, and the doctor absolutely forbade her to get out of bed. I'd have called you but I didn't want to call off the party. It looks as if you and I were all that's left of it." He glanced ruefully at the sizzling steaks. "We might as well eat these anyway. I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Oh, Phil, do you think we ought to? I mean—" she flushed—"just the two of us alone up here?"

"Who's to know about it?—except Harry and mother and they won't mind. Come on, Joanie, I bet you're hungry. It's a shame to let these go to waste."

Joan was hungry after the long ride, and it seemed silly to stand on convention with Phil whom she'd known all her life.

"Well, all right," she said. "But we'll go right after dinner."

She set the table inside while Phil finished cooking. He had a big fire going in the fireplace and she was grateful for its warmth. These spring nights were still chilly. The room was bright and cozy with the flames flickering on the oak rafters and the old oil lamp smoking in the corner. As children they'd popped corn and toasted marshmallows in front of that fireplace.

At dinner they regaled each other with stories from the past. "Remember the time," Phil laughed, "when Dad took us fishing and I put worms down your back? And how you—he put down his fork suddenly, and listened. "That's funny. Whoever in the world—"

The knocking came again. Phil went to the door and opened it. A woman's figure was blocked out against the pale afterglow of sunset. Her face was in the shadow, but she wore an old cotton dress with a man's overcoat hung over it.

"Oh," she said, "I reckon you're young Mr. Stanley. That's all right then. I saw the lights and came over to investigate."

"Yes, it's all right. We're just having dinner up here."

She stepped inside, and the light fell on her untidy gray hair and the large, mottled face beneath it. She smiled ingratiatingly. "I'm caretaker for the Miller place. I knew you didn't usually have this place open, and I just wanted to make sure everything was all right. Thought somebody might have busted in, or something." Her eyes darted curiously around the room and came to rest on Joan. They narrowed suddenly. "You're Mrs. Davis, aren't you? Mrs. Harry Davis." At Joan's wordless nod, she went on. "I thought I saw you with him one day. Well, I won't disturb you young folks any longer. You go right on with your little party."

When Phil closed the door after her, and came back to the table, Joan was staring at him with a white face. "Do you know who that was?" she demanded. "That horrible woman, Mrs. Ashbey!"

"You mean the one Harry had the run-in with? I didn't know you knew her."

"I recognized her from the picture in the paper. Phil, I—I don't like this. She's vicious!"

"Well, she can't hurt you. Go on and finish your steak, Joanie."

But Joan was nervous and uneasy during the rest of the meal. The woman's eyes had held a malevolent gleam that she couldn't shake out of her mind. She made Phil hurry to clear off the table and do up the dishes. She even denied him a final cigarette.

They were putting out the fire on the hearth when the second knock came. Joan started. She drew back into the shadows as Phil went to open the door again. This time it was a man she had never seen before.

YOU folks got a phone?" he asked. "My car stopped down the road a piece and I can't get her started up again."

"Sorry," Phil said. "It's disconnected. But we're leaving in a moment and if you'd like a push—"

"That's all right. I'll find a phone." He disappeared into the darkness.

Phil laughed. "The Lodge never was so popular in the old days. Why, Joan, what's the matter? You're trembling."

"Nothing. Let's just get out of here."

Phil had come in his own car, so he followed her down the mountain and all the way to the cottage at Fox Meadow Lane. He pulled up behind her when she stopped and got out.

"It's funny," he said thoughtfully, "I didn't see any signs of that fellow's stalled car when we came down. Did you?"

"No," she whispered. "And it's—mighty funny." She was shivering uncontrollably.

What will be the outcome of Joan's innocent rendezvous with Phil Stanley? Read the concluding chapter of this dramatic story in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR.

In All My Dreams

Continued from page 16

I'm—I'm not Robin Marshall."

There was torture on his face. I looked at him more closely. There were differences in appearance from my memory of Robin. I had put them down to time and hardship, to years of sun and jungle wilderness.

"You're trying to tell me you—aren't Robin?"

He nodded. I looked at Dad and Ralph, who had returned with my cape, and I could see their anger.

"Your—your Ralph," Robin said. "He found me on the street—I'd been hit by a car and was hurt. He said I looked like someone he once knew. He took me to his home. He—he asked me to pretend I was this man."

I felt my heart grow empty. "But why—what reason—"

"He said you couldn't get over this dead man. He wanted to make you forget him. He said he knew what Robin was like but you didn't. If I played the part, made you see him

guessed. More than I want to tell you . . ."

He lit a cigarette and I saw his hand was shaking. "You loved him, didn't you?"

"You know that."

"That's why we didn't tell you, why we couldn't tell you. And after the accident, we thought you'd forget him. But you didn't."

His dark eyes seemed to burn into me. Dad said, "Maybe it would be better if we waited. Tonight, with the shock—"

I told them if there were anything else, I wanted to know it.

It was Dad who told me. He sat there on the sofa beside me and spoke very quietly.

"You know about Robin's youth. Poverty, in a Pennsylvania mill town. Orphaned when he was six. How he struggled for an education, finally went to Detroit, studied engineering. He told you all that. But he didn't tell you about his friends, the gang in Detroit."

He didn't mean—couldn't mean—Robin was a criminal—a thief—

"Our firm had interests out there," Dad went on calmly. "You recall I used to go out there on business trips? Well, something happened. It involved me. Perfectly honest, but it would have looked bad, could have been made to look—crooked."

"But Dad, you couldn't do anything dishonest. What was it that happened?"

Ralph tried to explain. I didn't understand all the technicalities. It was a piece of property Dad had advised someone to sell at a loss because it appeared valueless. A week later some company bought it at a large price for a housing project. Dad knew a few people in the housing project. He hadn't known about the deal, but it could have been made to appear as if Dad profited by it.

"Of course, he did nothing dishonest," Ralph exclaimed. "It was one of those flukes that happen. Only Robin Marshall found out about it, through his connections."

"You mean, Robin tried to—" I couldn't form the words.

"Blackmail," Dad said. "Robin had learned about the deal, the whole transaction. He demanded money to keep silent. I didn't care about myself. I could face it out in court and sooner or later prove my innocence. But it meant disgrace for you too. Better to pay him. It was weak, yet—"

"Why did he come here, if you'd paid him already?"

"He wanted more. But he hadn't counted on meeting you. At first, I didn't think the romance meant anything. I always thought you really loved Ralph."

I looked at Ralph. "And you—"

"I saw you were in love, Marion. Really in love. Robin came to us. He offered us a choice, if you could call it that. We could keep silent, let you marry him—and have his oath to go straight the rest of his life. Or we could tell you the truth and he would drag the old case into the open and bring disgrace on us all."

That was why they had been so bitterly opposed. It hadn't been only jealousy. The Robin I had loved, the Robin I had thought daring and exciting, was a criminal, a thief who

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for what he was, that would put an end to it."

"You played it—so well."

"I didn't know," he said hastily. "I thought it was an infatuation, the way he said. It seemed almost like a prank. But I couldn't do it, not when I saw what you were like. I couldn't hurt you. I'm sorry, Marion, believe me—"

THE next instant he had run out and Dad and Ralph and I stood there.

I was trembling as Ralph slipped my cape over my shoulders. I couldn't speak. All the way back to our apartment, in the taxi, none of us said anything. I was numb, unable to think or feel.

I threw myself down on the sofa, stared through the window to the blinking lights outside. The coolness of the night breeze struck my face.

I heard Dad say, "Ralph, we have to tell her."

"Tell me what?" I demanded. "What is there to say? What could you say?"

Ralph said, "More than you ever

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ought to be wearing stripes behind bars.

"That was the choice," Ralph continued. "Right or wrong, we decided you should have your way. Perhaps your love could make him decent."

Dad put his arm around me, drew me to him. "You understand, baby? We wanted you to be happy—"

"Why didn't you tell me after the accident?"

"Why should we? Wouldn't it have been better to let the memory fade of itself?"

"It didn't, though. I couldn't forget him."

Ralph was looking down at me. "Yes. We knew that, and something had to be done. A week ago, I saw this man. He'd been hit by an automobile and was on the street. He looked so much like Robin, it was uncanny. I determined to take a chance. A daring chance."

"You asked him—"

"He hadn't been badly hurt. I brought him to my home. He agreed to go through with it. I told him all he needed to know about you and Robin. I wanted him to be cruel, the way we had known Robin. If you saw him that way—"

I WANTED to sob out but I couldn't. I lacked the strength. I could only sit there and stare ahead.

Robin was dead. I could believe it now because I wanted to, because I didn't want to think of him again. I wanted to forget, more than anything else.

Dad rose and walked to the window. "When I went to Brazil, Marion, I came back and said I'd identified him. We thought that was the best way. But I didn't identify him, really. The fire after the crash—they can't be sure he's dead. The body was never found."

The shock of that evening, of what they had told me, struck deep—deeper than I would ever let them see. I tried to hide my feelings when I said goodnight, told them to cheer up, that I could forget him, now that I knew.

But I didn't sleep that night, or the next, or the night after that. I didn't go to the shop either—I stayed home and had Dad call and say I was sick.

I kept telling myself to forget him. But it wasn't any good. The memory of him kept coming back—of the man I had known and believed in and loved.

Dad and Ralph tried to cheer me, and Ralph told me I was wrong to stay home with nothing but my thoughts. I knew he was right and I finally agreed to go out with him for the evening.

We had dinner and went to the theater and afterwards drove along the river in Ralph's car. He warned me against trying to live in the past, told me I ought to try to find happiness. He said he was ready to protect me, to help me find myself.

"I've wanted to marry you a long time, Marion," he said slowly.

"I know. Are you—are you asking me—"

We had parked in a spot overlooking the river. He turned and faced me.

"I'm asking you now."

"It wouldn't be fair to you, Ralph." "Because you don't love me? I can teach you to love me, Marion. Time and patience—"

"I wouldn't ask you to take the chance."

"I'm willing to take it. I'm so sure."

"Maybe. I doubt it—doubt it very much. But Ralph—I'd try to be a good wife. If you want to take the risk."

I saw the sudden sparkle in the dark eyes. "I've always known what's best for you, Marion. There won't be any more—mistakes."

He leaned over and kissed me. He talked about his plans, about the apartment we'd have, the well-ordered, smooth life of comfort and security.

"With the way real estate is booming now, Marion, there's no telling how far we'll go."

I said it sounded exciting. But it didn't, not at all. Not the way Robin sounded, the Robin I knew, the Robin who was going to build great bridges, who with his own hands and brain would help make the world a better place to live in.

How could he have been what he was to them, and yet seem so different to me? What I knew had been fine and brave. And in my heart I realized the good I had seen in him hadn't been false—this part had been real.

That night at my door Ralph kissed me and promised we would be happy.

But alone, I knew he was wrong. Every dream had died. The irony of it was almost amusing—the end of the dream had come not because Robin was dead, but because I learned what he really was when he lived.

I didn't sleep. I watched dawn come up and about eight o'clock I arose. At breakfast, I told Dad the news. He came over and brushed his lips against my forehead and declared it was a wise decision and I'd never regret it.

I couldn't tell him I didn't want to be wise. I didn't tell him that marriage had to have love and I didn't love Ralph and dreaded to look ahead.

I stayed home again that day and tried to catch up on rest.

OUTSIDE, the day was bright and sunshine flooded down on the trees and the air was soft and lazy. I stood by the window a long time, looking out.

It was eleven o'clock when the doorbell rang.

I opened the door and I saw him there. I drew back, frightened. It was a moment before I realized—this was the man, the one they had hired to pretend he was Robin.

He had a piece of paper in his hand—it looked like a check.

"I didn't mean to startle you," he said. "If I could have one moment. It's something important."

He came into the apartment and I followed him into the living room.

"What is it now?" I couldn't keep bitterness out of my voice. "Didn't they pay you enough?"

"No." I saw the color rise in his cheeks. "They haven't got that much money. There isn't that much money, anywhere."

He handed me the slip of paper. It was a check for five thousand dollars, made out to cash and signed by Ralph.

"He said he'd pay me, after I'd done my job—and after you and he were engaged. He sent it over to my hotel this morning, by messenger. May I—hope you'll be happy?"

I looked at the check blindly. It was like Ralph. Love on a business basis—you could settle any problem

with cold cash. To him it wouldn't be wrong, it would be the logical, practical way.

I handed it back to him. "And you brought this here? Why?"

I saw the flash of anger in his eyes. "I want you to know I'm destroying it. I want you to know how much I regret what happened. If I had known how much it meant—to you—"

His voice sounding so like Robin. I said, "I don't even know your name."

His eyes were grave. "I wish I could tell you. But I can't. I can't—remember—my name."

It was like a thunderbolt striking out of the blue summer skies. We were looking at each other. I knew he knew the wild surmise that ran through my mind.

"You can't remember?" I repeated, dazed. "Then—"

He took my hand and led me over to the sofa and we sat down. He began to talk softly, telling me about himself, of remembering only back to a day when he found himself in Panama. He was a sailor, using the name of Jack Smith but he was sure it wasn't his own.

"Apparently, I'd established myself as an American because I had a United States passport under that name and they let me back into the States. I had some money and I wandered about, picking up odd jobs, trying to get some clue to my background, my real name."

"That check," I said. "It must seem big—"

He laughed. "Like a million dollars. But I don't want it."

I watched as he tore the check into tiny pieces.

"I came here," he went on. "Came because I seemed to remember. And because I believed that whoever I was—whatever I had been—I had a right to take my own chances, to try to find my own dreams."

I started to tremble and he stopped and asked me what was the matter.

I knew then. Those were the words Robin had used so often. Only this wasn't the Robin of blackmail. This was the man who was really all the things I had believed. There had been a good side. Only it had been warped by poverty and hardships and the people he had known. Somehow in that accident, the evil side of him had been destroyed.

"Something I must tell you," I said slowly. "What you just said about—taking your own chances. Robin used to say that. Just the way you said it then."

But he wasn't startled. He said, "I know, Marion."

"You know? Robin—you—"

He smiled at my confusion. "The accident—I lost all memory, you see. Last week, Ralph Berry found me and he and your father talked to me. They thought I just looked like Robin. But some of what they said—things began to come back. I started to remember. And then—"

"Then what?"

"Then I saw you. The instant I saw you—maybe it sounds silly—I knew I loved you. My memory, that was gone. But love has to do with the heart, not the mind. I knew from the beginning. I decided to play the part I was supposed to play, to leave you and Ralph together. Only I couldn't."

Robin, the Robin I had always believed in, standing before me, alive and safe and still loving me.

He reached over and took my hand. "Now I'll go, Marion. I wanted you to know that I knew—you were the one good thing in the life I had before."

We were standing then. He was close to me and I could see the pain in his eyes.

"You're going back to that life?"

His laughter was harsh. "That's over. It died in the jungle of Brazil. Robin Marshall is going ahead. But first he's going to pay off old debts, every single dishonest dollar he took, to wipe the slate clean."

A delirious sense of release, of sudden hope, swept through me. I found myself repeating in my mind those words of his: "To take our own risks, to find our own dreams."

"Robin," I said, "Maybe you ought to—have part of the past with you in the future. The—the good part."

I tried to smile at him. I saw the smile come slowly to his own lips and we looked into each other's eyes and for that moment there was no one else in the world, not in the whole universe, except us. He took me in his arms and kissed me.

He asked about Ralph—how much I would be hurting him? I told him the truth, that I'd always admired Ralph but couldn't love him. It would hurt so much more if I married him, loving someone else.

"He'll understand that," Robin said. "Understand because he loves you too. Only we have to tell him now—"


We were starting a new life. A life of wiping out bad debts, of setting the record straight. But it would be more than that. It would be also looking ahead, finding new horizons.

Most of all it would be the adventure of love and achievement. Of watching Robin, helping him to find his true self, our true selves, together.

"We'll go now and tell them," Robin said.

He put his arm around my shoulder and we started out.

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Bright Horizon

Continued from page 12

cat," Mrs. Anderson said grimly. She sat down with them, and slowly the mock ferocity of her expression softened until it was almost a smile to match the twinkle in her eye.

Much later that day, when the day's tasks were done, and Michael and Bobby stood in front of the hen house watching the snowy White Leghorns scratching idly for worms in the gravel, a big car turned into the drive, came past the house, and stopped in the barn yard directly in front of them.

"Hello there!" a voice called. "Any eggs today?"

It was Carol Bates, and the smile leaped to Michael's face as fast as his heart leaped up. Bobby ran and climbed onto the side of the car. Michael made himself walk.

"You must eat a lot of eggs at your house," he said.

"Mrs. Sheaffer made two angel foods today, and we don't have enough eggs for breakfast," Carol laughed. "My brother Kenzie loves angel food cake, and he can tell if its got enough eggs in it. He doesn't like that new four-egg kind. Nothing less than a round dozen will satisfy him."

"Angel food!" Bobby snorted. "That's for girls."

"I like it myself," Michael said. "Oh," Bobby pondered. "Then I guess it's all right."

"You two are pals, aren't you?" Carol said.

MICHAEL roughed up Bobby's tousled shock of hair. "The best."

Carol got out, and Michael saw again how lovely she was. The late afternoon sun fell indolently on the rich brown hair, and her eyes squinted lazily under strong eyebrows.

"Mrs. Anderson!" she called.

The good lady in question stuck her head out the kitchen door. "Why, Carol, whatever brought you?"

"Eggs."

"I'm glad to see you back, child. Are those two men of mine bothering you?"

"Not a bit. Come on out."

"Can't. There's something on the stove. Do you think I have nothing to do but stand in the sunshine? When I get it ready, come in to supper."

"I'll take you up on that."

"Fine," Mrs. Anderson said. "Bobby, you come in here. There's a job I want you to do. And Michael, you stay there and talk to Carol till I call you."

"Whatever you say," Michael called back with mock humility.

"She's a wonderful old tyrant, isn't she?" Carol said.

Michael led her across the yard to the stone fence before he answered, and they both climbed up onto the smooth, warm rocks. "She's afraid to stop barking for fear she'll kiss someone, her heart's that warm," he said.

Carol nodded. "And who is Bobby?"

"Just a boy, I guess. I saw him for the first time about three weeks ago, and now I feel as though he's been with me ever since I can remember." Michael leaned back and put his hands flat against the rock. It was warm to the touch. "I was hitch-hiking into

Fayette and so was Bobby. Neither of us got a ride, but we did get acquainted. He told me he'd been traveling with his father and brother but they didn't want him around any more."

"Didn't want him!" Shocked disbelief was in Carol's voice.

"Yes—it didn't sound right to me, either. But he refused to go back to them. Finally he told me where they were, and I went back to see them. I understood then why they didn't care where he went. They were a couple of itinerant laborers, and I guessed from their breaths that whatever money they earned, they spent on liquor. Not the kind of men who would welcome the responsibility of a child."

"And you are," Carol smiled.

"I?—Oh, Bobby and I are just friends."

"You don't talk like a hitch-hiker," Carol said.

Michael smiled sardonically. "I was trained to be a lawyer, and for a while I was one. . . . But that was in another place, and a long time ago."

"How long ago?"

"Five years."

"Why did you stop being a lawyer?" Carol's voice was very low and quiet so the question came to Michael as though he himself had asked it.

AND in the same way he began to answer it, as though he were telling himself again for the thousandth time. "It's an old story, I guess. . . . I was in a place called Riverfield, and I'd just gotten started with a law firm after working my way through school, when this thing happened."

I wish, Michael thought, I could tell her how I felt about Ed Reardon sending Kinnick to me—he knew Kinnick had escaped from prison to see his wife one more time—and he knew too that I was gullibly sympathetic enough to shield him from the police. . . . And Reardon told them where to look. He must have. I know it.

But he couldn't tell her that part. There were depths of his soul twisted and tangled in with that realization of another man's treachery—depths too old and set and unlovely to bring out into the open. "And there was a girl named Edith Browning," he said. "Ed Reardon—he worked for the law firm too—and I were both after her. We both wanted to marry her, and she couldn't choose between us. Then I got into trouble, and I left. That's all."

And how many times have I moved on, since then, Michael asked himself.

Carol had listened to his sketchy history, and she listened with such care that her imagination and mind had filled in the gaps. "So you ran away," she mused.

Michael looked at her sharply. "I didn't run away. It was better for everybody that I left—and better for me too."

I wonder, Michael thought. Was it? Would I have left if they hadn't indicted me for aiding a fugitive? Sure, the indictment's dismissed now, but it wasn't when I left. It only looked as though it would be.

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Then he told her about the many places he had been since Riverfield. About Glen Falls and Cranmore and his long trip across the continent and back.

Carol stood up. Her eyes were blazing. "You've always run away! Oh don't you see how you've run away every time the going was hard? It's become a habit with you!"

"What was there to stay for?" "What is there ever to stay for?" Carol demanded. "Only the good will and good wishes of your friends and the people who love you!"

"And who were they?" Michael's voice was low.

"They were always around you," Carol insisted. "There's never a time when a man is truly alone—not if there's any spark of good left in him."

"Do you see a spark of good in me?" Michael asked softly.

Carol turned her head away. "I see much good, and a little evil, and much, much selfishness!"

Michael shrugged. "A man must live."

"Yes, and he must live with himself. That's another thing. After the first time you've always tried to run away from yourself because deep down you were ashamed of what you'd done."

There was a deep frown on Michael's face. "Because I refused to suffer for another man's treachery?"

"Oh call it that if you like, but you must see I'm right." She strode off across the yard to her car, impatient, angry—Michael could tell by the set of her shoulders. As she opened the door, she called back, "Please tell Mrs. Anderson I'm sorry."

MICHAEL sat still, very still for a while, until Mrs. Anderson called him. During supper he was very quiet, remembering Carol's indignation, seeing again her face with the eyes blazing and the mouth stormy. And that night, after he had gone to bed, he lay there a long time waiting for sleep to overtake him. When it did, he tossed, and dreamed of Carol ordering him never to see her again.

But in the morning she was as vivid in his mind as the sunlight that streamed in through the window. He forced himself to think back to Edith Browning, the girl who had occupied all his private thoughts for five years. Again there came the catch in the throat, the tightening of the heart. Carol was lovely, impetuous, but he knew deeply that no other girl could ever take the place of Edith. He sat on the edge of his plain bed, with the old-fashioned iron-work frame, and let his mind go back.

There was Edith, with her lovely, serene face, and her long hands that were always so calm. That must have been what I loved most about her, Michael thought. Because it was so unlike myself—that serenity and still beauty. She was so trusting and fine and beautiful. Always and forever beautiful. In his arms she was still cool, but the touch of her hands, the touch of her lips, was a promise of deeper fire within, and beauty such as no man could imagine. She was fire and ice and the beauty of the two, and the beauty of desire, made into one slender, lovely woman.

Michael found himself gripping his hands into fists. He lay back for a minute across the bed, staring at the ceiling. I must forget, he told himself. I must stop. This is dreaming of something that has gone as surely

as the great bird flies. Stop, Michael. Mrs. Anderson greeted him calmly, told him to sit down and eat his breakfast. When she brought the hot cakes, she said, "Carol Bates telephoned a few minutes ago. Said she forgot the eggs she came out to get yesterday. You and Bobby are to deliver them as soon as you go into town."

Michael was startled. He looked up quickly at mention of Carol's name, so quickly that Mrs. Anderson noticed. But she gave no sign. Michael got hold of himself. "Where's Bobby?" he said.

"In the hen house." "I'll get him."

DRIVING in, Michael wished he had his old accordion. In spite of himself the day was brighter than other days.

"Are you stuck on that girl, Carol Bates?" Bobby demanded.

"Stuck on her? No."

Bobby looked straight ahead at the white road. "Girls are sissy," he declared.

"Sure they are. That's why I haven't got one."

"Are you sure that Carol Bates isn't your girl?" Bobby wanted to be reassured.

"I'm sure." Michael was serious.

Bobby leaned back in the seat with a sigh of relief.

But Michael wondered if he really wanted Carol to be his girl. Maybe Edith Browning, reaching out from the past, still had a strong hold on the imagination of his heart, but when Carol was near, he felt alive and aware of the world around him more keenly than ever before. Or perhaps he was not destined to know again the rapture of a requited love. And of this he was certain, that with his past record of failures stretching out behind him like a rope too long and heavy to drag forward, he had no right to love a woman.

The Bates house seemed friendlier this morning. Knowing what sort of people live in a house gives it a personality of its own, Michael thought. Just as a man you see and do not speak to is still a stranger. But when you have once spoken to him and heard his voice in return he comes partly out of the unknown and becomes something of a friend.

The cook was in the kitchen. "Wait a minute," she said, and went to a doorway. "They're here, Miss Carol," she called.

Carol came in at once, while Michael was still piling the eggs into the bowl the cook had set out. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was very rude and unfair yesterday. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course I'll forgive you," Michael said wryly. "I realize what a fine target I am for uplift."

Carol's reply was quick and warm. "You're not. You're not at all. It's just that I have a weakness for trying to improve people I like."

"The implication is obvious, as we lawyers used to say," Michael said, "and I'm flattered."

Carol turned to the shelf for a minute. "These are lovely cookies," she said. "A specialty of Anna's." She held the jar out, first to Bobby and then to Michael.

"That's nice," Michael said. "I'm glad you didn't assume, just because I'm a few years older than Bobby,

Continued on page 73

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A woman's daintiness is especially put to the test in warm weather, says Ruth Gilbert who plays the part of Marie Agnes, Bess Johnson's best friend, every weekday on the NBC network.



Beware of Summer

IF THERE are any shortcomings in our beauty routines, these summer days certainly show them up. Every one of our problems seems to be magnified, and new ones created. Take the problem of superfluous hair, for instance. Everyone has it more or less. And how it does show up when you are wearing a bathing suit in the bright July sun! Your favorite nylon or chiffon hose are revealing enough, goodness knows, but when you have nothing but a coat of tan besides your bathing suit your limbs must be perfectly smooth and unblemished, for beauty.

Fortunately there are excellent depilatories nowadays. The old-fashioned ones used to be smelly and irritating. Now they are practically odorless or mildly perfumed, and they could not irritate the skin of a baby if used according to the very simple directions.

Depilatories produce a better and more lasting effect than a razor, and

are better adapted to removing superfluous hair from the legs.

Hair on the face is a separate problem altogether. In the first place, if you have only a faint downy fuzz, let it alone. Many girls let themselves in for trouble by trying to do things about a fuzz that is perceptible only to their own self-conscious scrutiny.

But if you do have more than a fuzz, it is foolish not to do something about it. First rule, for hair anywhere, face or limbs, is to try one of the bleaching washes or creams which do not remove hair but make it inconspicuous. Then, try one of the good depilatories, using it with especial care.

There is a wax depilatory which is not hard to use, once you get the knack. You cover the place where the hair is to be removed with the softened wax. It cools with the hairs imbedded in it. You give a quick jerk, and the hair is out. And it stays away for a long, long time.

Distrust any depilatory or other process which promises you that the hair will never come back. I have seen horribly disfigured faces as the result of quack treatments.

Superfluous hair is due either to a natural tendency or a glandular condition. The use of depilatories and creams has little or nothing to do with it. Go ahead and use them, the best you can get.

Hair under the arms may be removed with depilatories or with a safety razor, as you choose. The main thing is to remove it frequently as a matter of personal daintiness.

And that brings us to the other great summer problem—body odor. It is necessary that we perspire. We give out as much as two quarts of perspiration a day. This serves two purposes. It regulates the body temperature, and gets rid of some waste products.

Perspiration over most of the body surface is taken care of by the daily beauty bath with a mild but efficient soap. Under the arms there are more sweat glands, and less exposure for evaporation. Therefore a good deodorant is necessary in addition to the daily beauty bath.

There are two main types of deodorant: those which actually check perspiration and those which check odor without preventing perspiration. All the good ones are now absolutely harmless to the clothing and non-irritating. Their effect lasts from two to five days. Their cost is small. So why take a chance?

Good deodorants come in various forms—liquids, creams and powders. They are harmless to clothing, safe and easy to use. There are convenient little cotton pads moistened with an excellent deodorant. There is another which is combined with a perfume, very pleasant and effective.

The liquid deodorants which check perspiration for several days are effective for use on the feet and on the hands, too.

Heat is not the only cause of perspiration, remember. There are five other main causes: exercise, fatigue, tight clothing, embarrassment, and nervousness. In short, whatever the weather, a clever woman takes no chances with perspiration but selects a good deodorant and uses it regularly.

The use of perfumes, toilet water and other odeurs is a story all by itself. But one thing—perfumes must never, never be used as a cover-up. Personal daintiness is the basis for all the subtle and delightful fragrances.



that I don't like cookies as well."
 "I know better," Carol laughed. "I grew up with a brother and a father." She moved closer to Bobby as she spoke, and put her hand on his shoulder. He looked up at her with respect.
 It was just right, Michael thought. Not too feminine and not too affectionate. She was casual enough so the boy took it in stride, without embarrassment, and she removed her hand before he got restless. Yet she let him know that she liked him and desired his friendship.

A GAIN in the truck, their deliveries all made, Michael and Bobby rode in a thoughtful silence.

"She's all right," Bobby decided at last. "She's not really like a girl, she's like a man." And with that accolade he nodded wisely, pleased with himself for having deciphered the riddle of women—if they're like men they're all right.

Later that evening, while Michael and Bobby sat together on the porch, the phone rang and Mrs. Anderson called Michael. There was only one person in Fayette who would possibly call him and yet—
 "Hello, Mr. West," Carol said. "I

but everything about it from the mellowed tapestry on one wall to the polished heavy banister, spoke of comfort and ease. It had been a long time since Michael had entered a house like this. He wondered if it ever could have been his, if things had been different.

When Carol came down, she took Michael right into the living room. A tall, slender man with white hair got up easily from a big chair near the window. "Daddy, this is Mr. West," she said. "Mr. West, this is my father." Michael could tell she was proud of him.

"How do you do, Mr. West," said Mr. Bates. "Kenzie, this is Mr. West. My son, Kenzie."

Michael murmured a greeting and shook hands with a young man about twenty-seven, as slender as his father, but with none of his air of self-control and determination. Yet Michael liked him immediately. There was an absence of guile about him, an openness, that was appealing.

AT the dinner table, Michael thought he detected undercurrents of hostility between Kenzie and his father, and an effort on Carol's part to bring them together.

"Mr. West is a lawyer, too, Kenzie," Carol said. "He practiced for a while in Riverfield."

"Oh?" said Kenzie.

"Very briefly, and some years ago," Michael said, trying to laugh above his bitterness.

"Why did you give it up?" Kenzie asked.

"I didn't like it," he answered. Carol started to speak, but Michael warned her with his eyes not to.

"I'm afraid Kenzie is still something of a tyro, too, although it's about time he dug in," Mr. Bates said.

"He will," Carol put in quickly.

"It takes time," Michael said. "I found that out."

"Longer than four years?" Mr. Bates demanded.

"Sometimes," Michael admitted. "I was at it for only two years, and found I had no roots to speak of. I was glad to get away."

"What have you done since?" Kenzie said, obviously glad to turn the conversation away from himself.

"One thing and another," Michael answered. Right now I'm a sort of general handy man for Mrs. Anderson."

"So Carol said," Mr. Bates observed. "You like the outdoor life?"

"Very much."

"I prefer it myself, I believe, although I've had precious little chance to indulge in it," Mr. Bates said.

"That's the penalty of being a good citizen and a pillar of the community," Michael laughed.

The tension was broken. All through the dinner they talked pleasantly of little things, and later, when the maid had brought their coffee into the living room, it continued. But only until the phone rang. Then Kenzie jumped up hurriedly to answer it first. Michael thought the father tried intently to listen but Kenzie kept his voice low and they couldn't hear his conversation.

It took only a moment, then Kenzie returned from the hallway to excuse himself with an air of constraint. He went upstairs, and came down again immediately to go out the door.

His departure had thrown a damper

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wonder if you could come to dinner with us tomorrow night?"

The receiver almost dropped from Michael's hand. "Tomorrow night?" he echoed.

"Yes, just a family dinner, no guests except yourself."

"Why, why yes, I'd like to."

"About six-thirty then?"

"Yes, that's fine," Michael said, wondering. "But I don't understand. People don't usually invite the egg man to dinner."

"You're not an egg man," Carol said. "And I'm sure you'll like my family. That's why I want you to come."

"I'd like to," Michael said.

Michael put on the one good suit he'd brought with him from Glen Falls. It wasn't too bad. The seams were shiny but otherwise it was all right. Lucky it was dark gray so it didn't show the wear much.

Michael stood in the hallway of the Bates house, waiting for Carol to come down. It was a solid, homey place, not done in the latest style, but with the kind of good taste that never looks old. It wasn't grand, or pretentious,



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on the others. Michael tried for another half hour to be pleasant and gay and to restore the good feeling that had prevailed. But it was no use. It was almost a relief when he could excuse himself and go home.

He couldn't get it out of his mind. The hurried departure of Kenzie, the strain that had come over Carol and her father. Kenzie must be in some sort of trouble that his family either suspected or knew about, and of which they disapproved.

THE next afternoon he learned more. Carol came out to the farm while he was busy building an addition to the hen house for the bigger flock that Mrs. Anderson wanted to develop, and she sent Carol right on out.

"Oh, Michael," she said, "I have to talk to someone, and I feel I can turn to you so much easier than anyone else—"

Michael led her to the bench beside the hen house, and there with the chickens cackling and scratching all around them she told him Kenzie's story.

"He told us the whole thing today, and my father is so angry he refuses to help. He says Kenzie got himself into it, and this time he can get himself out."

"Has he been in trouble a lot?" Michael asked.

"Nothing serious. Just escapades. But this time it's worse. Yes, it's a girl. He's in love with this Mary Kincaid—"

"Oh, I don't mean to speak of her like that. I've met her and she's nice enough, but I hate to see her with Kenzie. She's married—her husband's name is Joe Kincaid—and she has a little girl."

"Well, she's suing her husband for divorce, and everything was going along just fine until recently, when she inherited a little money. Now her husband threatens to take the child away from her, and Mary won't stand for it. His lawyer, Dave Phelps, has found Mary several times with Kenzie, and he says he has enough evidence to prove that Mary is not a fit person to have custody of a child."

"I see," Michael said. "They want the money, I take it."

"Yes, of course, and Mary feels that the money is hers. She doesn't want to give it up because she feels it's a nest egg to put the baby through school and start her out right."

"I don't blame her," Michael said. "It's a kind of blackmail."

"It's worse than that," Carol said indignantly. "They're despicable—although I don't think Joe is bad. I believe this Dave Phelps talked him into it."

"And your father thinks Kenzie should stand on his own feet?"

"Yes, and besides, he hates the idea of all the publicity if the whole affair should go to court."

"It seems difficult to stop it," Michael said, "if they're both determined—"

"Please help me think of something, Michael," Carol pleaded. She laid a hand on his arm, that had grown hard and bronzed from the farm work.

Michael saw the tears come into her eyes. Then she was in his arms, crying frankly, unashamed, as though his shoulder was the one place she could come to cry. Michael held her close, and her hair was soft against his face. He looked at the field stretching out

above them to where it met the clear sky. And he had to blink his eyes to keep his vision undimmed.

"I'll try, Carol, I'll try," he promised. "I'm glad you came to me."

After she had gone, Mrs. Anderson came out. "You can have all the time you want, West," she said when Michael had sketched out the story for her. "I hope you can help them." She turned to go, then threw the remark over her shoulder so that Michael had no chance to answer, "That's a nice girl," she said. "She likes you. Be good to her. Don't hurt her, or you'll have me to answer to."

The next day, after their chores were done, Michael and Bobby drove the truck into town again. They parked in front of the office building where Dave Phelps had his office. Bobby waited in the truck.

"I'm representing Mr. Kenzie Bates," Michael told him.

"Are you a lawyer, Mr. West?" Phelps demanded. He was a short, prematurely bald man, who smoked a big cigar and had an impatient manner, as though he distrusted the motives of the whole world.

"I'm not," Michael answered, "although I have practiced in the past. I'm simply a legal adviser."

"I see," Michael went on, "as to the motives for this counter-suit to regain custody of the Kincaid child for Joe Kincaid."

"It's the natural impulse of a father to see that his child is in good hands," Phelps answered cynically. "The highest motive in the world—paternal affection."

"I don't believe it," Michael said flatly. "The motive is money."

"Can you prove it?" Phelps leaned forward.

"I think so," Michael answered quietly.

"Then go to it."

Michael got up to leave. "I will before I'm through."

BEFORE they went back to the farm that night, Michael stopped at the library. He left Bobby in the juvenile room, and he went on to the legal section. When he came back there was a light in his eye.

"I'll show him a thing or two," he told Bobby. "He's a shyster if I ever saw one."

He stopped in a drugstore to call Carol, and she promised to bring her brother out later in the evening to talk it over.

"He's a man that a threat will fix," Michael told them. "Just let it ride along as it is, for about a week. Let him think over what I told him, and maybe he'll come after me. If he does, that's fine, and if he doesn't, I'll go to see him again."

"I'm so glad," Carol said.

"Me too," Kenzie echoed. "I'm so worried about this thing I can't think straight any more. I needed someone to think for me, I guess." He put his arm around Carol's waist, and the three of them strolled down from the porch across the thick grass. The moon had come up, and where its shadows fell, the grass was blue. Walking beside her, Michael brushed against the sleeve of Carol's coat, and her hand sought out his. She gave it a quick, impulsive pressure, held on for a moment, then let it go.

Michael's voice was hoarse when he spoke. "Bobby thinks you're all right," he said. "Of course, in his eyes

you have the great disadvantage of being feminine, but you've about overcome that already."

Kenzie laughed. "How old is he?"

"Twelve, going on thirteen."

"He'll learn," Kenzie said.

MICHAEL waited over a week for a call from Dave Phelps. Finally it came, and Michael was asked to call again at Phelps' office.

"I believe you're the Michael West who was in Riverfield about five years ago," Phelps began.

"Yes," Michael answered steadily. "I am."

"There was a small matter of an indictment?"

"There was."

"And according to the records, you have never been cleared of the charges made in that indictment?"

"That is correct."

"And may I ask what you have discovered in your search for proof as to Mr. Kincaid's motives?"

"Very little," Michael admitted, "except that there are several cases mentioned in the documents of this state, in which the matter of timing in such suits as this was admitted as prima facie evidence of intent." He paused.

"Evidence of intent?" Phelps said with hostility.

"Yes, of intent," Michael said coolly, "and, of course, that was the rub. So now, on behalf of Mr. Bates and Mrs. Kincaid, I invite you to enter the suit, as you had planned."

Phelps got excited. "I'll discredit you as a witness, West. I'll air all the dirty linen I can find about you. I'll see to it that you won't hold your head up again in this town."

"All right," Michael said placidly. "If you can get me to the witness stand."

"I'll get you there if I have to drag you!" Phelps got up out of his chair and walked about the office. "And what's more," he blazed at Michael, "I'll show so much evidence on Kenzie Bates that he'll never get another client in this town! You hear me?"

"Mr. Bates is prepared for that," Michael said, still calm. "His affection for Mrs. Kincaid is such that he's willing to face it."

"You'll be a laughing stock," Phelps threatened.

"I'm used to that," Michael answered. "And now if you have no more to say, I'll be going along."

"No more," Phelps scowled.

Later, when Michael was telling Carol and Kenzie about it, he chuckled. "We've got him on the defensive," he said. "He's the one who doesn't want to go to court now. He doesn't know what to expect. I'm not sure whether or not he knows that old indictment against me was dropped years ago, but he tried to make me believe it was still open. I didn't disillusion him."

"And I pretended the matter of unpleasant publicity was absolutely unimportant to Kenzie. It's a bluff, but I believe it'll work. Now we'll let him stew a while."

"I don't see why you ever ran out on the profession," Kenzie said. "You must have been top notch as a lawyer."

"Carol will tell you all about it

some time," Michael replied.

"All right Michael," Carol answered, "if you want it that way."

Kenzie left them together then in the big living room of the Bates house.

"I never told that story about Riverfield to anyone else," Michael said. "And it hurt me to tell you so I guess I'll never repeat it again."

"I hope you never have to," Carol answered. "But Michael, don't you see, when you admit it hurts you, and you let that hurt become so great, it locks the story up inside you? And that's all part of running away. . . . I don't want you to do it—" She moved closer to Michael and passed her arm through his.

Michael held himself very still, wanting her to stay there, and yet not daring to move closer himself. He felt like a man from another world—who cannot share the loves and hates and hopes and fears of the new world. That long rope reaching into the past still held Michael in his tracks. No forward step was possible. And Edith still lived in his mind as a candle burns in a dark room.

He brought himself back to the present with a start. The night was chilly and a small fire burned in the grate. Carol had been watching the flames, her head leaning against Michael's shoulder.

"Michael," she said softly. "Do you see castles in the fire?"

"Yes."

"I see you and me going in and out of the castles, very small and very happy."

Michael's heart leaped in his bosom. "Are we happy?"

"I am."

"Yes, I am, too." He stirred. "So happy that I want to leave now, while we're still that way."

"Don't go," Carol's voice was a yearning voice. "Please don't."

DRIVING home in the old truck, Michael gripped the wheel desperately. He was conscious of the fight within—of the desire he had for Carol and her nearness, and of the old chains that kept him from her. There's always one way, he thought. I can always disappear again. I've done it before. It's not hard. I could leave tomorrow and just not say a word. Then later some sunny morning, I'd be walking down the street of a strange town again—

He shook his head. He couldn't do it. This little town of Fayette had become part of him. Or was it Carol who had become part of him? And Bobby and Mrs. Anderson?

There on the road, his hands holding the wheel, his eyes glued to the white glare of concrete under the headlights, his foot firmly, carefully on the gas pedal, a resolve came to him—a high and firm resolve—then he lost it. It disappeared and left him shaken and miserable. He tried to bring it up again from the depths of his being, but it refused to come.

Slowly, painfully, he put the truck in the garage, and groped his way to bed through a darkness deeper than the dark of night.

The following week Phelps called again. "Maybe we can arrive at some sort of agreement" he said, his voice

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smooth and assured over the phone.

"I'm sure we can if you're willing to listen to reason," Michael told him.

They arranged for everybody to meet in his office the next afternoon. "But you come a half hour early," Phelps said. "We should get it settled before the others arrive."

"All right, I'll be there," Michael said. It seemed to him that this case was now the one thing that kept him in Fayette. Once settled with it, he would be on his way again.

"I'll lay my cards on the table," Phelps said, chewing on a cigar. "My client has instructed me to settle this case out of court. However, he feels that some compensation is due him."

"The only compensation Mrs. Kincaid will pay, is your fee for work done thus far—and I must know that the amount of that fee is reasonable and proper," Michael said.

"Five hundred dollars?"
"Two hundred at the outside," Michael told him.

Phelps spread his hands on the desk. "That's out of the question."

IN the end they agreed to a compromise before the others came in. Mrs. Kincaid and her husband appeared at almost the same moment, and Joe Kincaid seemed embarrassed at seeing her. "I'm sorry, Mary," he said. "I must have been out of my mind. And if I've caused you any trouble I'm sorry for that, too."

"It's all right," Mary said. "And you will let my divorce go through without contesting it, won't you?"

"Of course I will. And if you say it's all right, I'll go now."

He bent to kiss her, clumsily, shyly before he left.

Watching them, Michael saw exactly how the whole thing had come about. What he had suspected from the outset was true. Joe Kincaid still loved his wife, and when Phelps had come forward with his suggestion for a counter suit, Kincaid had seized the chance to hurt her in retaliation for the hurt she had caused him.

Then later, when he had seen that she was determined, and when the conviction had seeped in on him because of Michael's resistance to the suit, that there was no longer a possibility of getting her back, he had seen what an inhuman thing he was trying to do and had forced Phelps to drop the suit.

When Carol and Kenzie came in, there was nothing to do but tell them everything was settled. Kenzie and Mary departed in a few minutes, their faces aglow with joy. Carol called her father to tell him how it had ended.

Then Michael and Carol left together. It was early in the afternoon, and the first chill of September had come into the air, but the sun was still high in the sky.

"I guess this is the end," Michael said. "There's nothing more."

"Nothing more?" Carol questioned. "No," Michael said flatly. "I might as well be pushing on."

Carol's voice was bitter. "Does Bobby count for so little? And Mrs. Anderson?"

"A man can't fill his life with old women and young boys."

"I'm not an old woman—or a boy—and Michael—"

"Yes?"
"I want to be part of your life, too."

"My life is an empty thing."

"I want to fill it. Please let me!"

They were walking toward Carol's car. After they got in, Michael spoke again. "Carol, dear, the past fills my life—the past and what it's taught me."

Carol drove in silence—did not speak until she had stopped the car at Mrs. Anderson's farm and they were walking toward the house—standing quiet and empty this afternoon because Mrs. Anderson and Bobby were in the fields.

Suddenly, she stopped. "Michael, dearest, I've wanted you to talk to me and tell me what you think of me, and whenever I lead you up to it, you evade the issue. Now I've got to tell you. Can't you see I love you? Don't you know that? It must be in my eyes when I look at you and in my voice when I speak to you—"

"I did know, Carol," Michael said. "But I can't love you in return. I want to. I want to very much. But the past—"

Carol took the lapels of his coat in her two hands and pulled at them spasmodically. Her eyes blazed into Michael's.

Overheard

NANCY CRAIG'S The Woman of Tomorrow, the Blue Network:

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"Then you've got to go back," she said vehemently. "Not for me, but for yourself. If those rotten roots are that deep, you've got to dig all the way down and pull them out. I want you to and I won't let go of you until you promise to go back there to Riverfield and face all the unemployed music you think is there in Ed Reardon and your brother and Edith Browning. I want you to—even if, this way, I lose you for always. You must!"

She collapsed into his arms then, her body shaking like a leaf, her head on his shoulder, her mouth just under his. Michael saw the richly curved, quivering mouth near his lips. He leaned over and kissed her, and his arms swept around her in a fury. With his eyes closed, Michael was aware of the light pressing against the lids, of the perfume she wore, of the touch of her breast, and her hands against his head. Then he fought off what seemed the darkness of desire and love, and from the darkness came the face of Edith, cool and smiling, desirable — and yet unattainable.

He tore Carol's arms away. "I can't do this," he said tensely, shaken. "And you can't."

Carol shook him convulsively. "Go back then! Promise me you'll go back."

"I will. I will." It was a cry that ascended to heaven. Here with Carol in his arms he returned to the resolve he had made, that night driving home from her house, to go back and have it out with the past.

"I will!"
The cry struck to Carol's heart. Did it mean she was sending him back to Edith Browning? It could—it might—mean that.

And she would lose him forever, when she loved him so that even the sadness in his eyes was dear to her and made her want to touch him and reassure him. And his mouth, strong and cynical, yet always with a suggestion of understanding and warmth. It was that depth she loved—the hidden things in him she knew deeply were fine and good. They only needed the warmth of her love and the light of her imagination and mind, to bring them out and make them part of himself again. That was what she wanted—to give to him, to give and give of all the loveliness and beauty and understanding she possessed, until he learned to give to her from the depths of his being.

And yet—she must take this chance of losing him forever. There was no other way. After she left him there on the porch, she realized that he could never be the man she must have unless he went back and tore out the old power the memory of Edith still had for him. But could he tear it out? Or would seeing her rekindle the flame between them?

IN five years, Monroe Street, in Riverfield, had not changed. Michael stood at the corner of Langdon, suitcase in hand. He looked at the street and compared it with his memories. It was narrower than he remembered it, and a little dirtier, he thought, and now, for him, the buildings wore an air of hostility, because he knew the town was hostile.

He felt like a fugitive. He went to a cheap hotel and checked in. Then he called his brother. "Ray," he said, "this is Michael."

"Who?"
"Your brother, Michael."
"Oh, Michael." The tone was non-committal.

Michael set his jaw. Very well. "Just called to let you know I've come back to settle some unfinished business."

"Oh—Michael you don't intend to use violence, do you?"

Michael laughed grimly. "No, nothing like that."

"Well, I wish you luck, Michael. Let us hear from you again."

"All right."
That was all. No invitation, no warmth in the voice, just an unwillingness to be bothered with the black sheep. But he had known it would be hard. He faced no more than he had expected to face, and he was prepared for it.

The next day he went to see Ed Reardon. The door still bore the same name, Prentiss & Seymour, but now, in the lower left hand corner of the glass was also lettered E. J. Reardon. "He's a junior partner," Michael murmured.

When his secretary told Ed that

Michael was waiting he asked him right in.

"So?" Reardon said. He got up to shake hands. "Can't stay away, Michael, I see."

"That's right, Ed. I can't. I've got some old scores to settle."

"Now see here, Michael—" He began to fumble at the push button on his desk.

Michael laughed. "Never mind that," he said. "I know all about it. I know that you told Kinnick to come to me for protection, when you knew he'd escaped to see his wife once more before she died. And I know you informed the police I was hiding him. It's what they call a frame-up. But let it go. I intend to forget it entirely, and I wish you would, too. That's what I came up to tell you."

"Well that's fine, Michael. I'm glad to hear you say it."

"There's one more thing, Ed. . . . Tell me—how is Edith?"

Reardon cleared his throat. "She's fine."

"Do you still see her?"

"Yes. And Michael—"

"What is it?"

Reardon seemed to have trouble with his voice. He wanted to say something and found it very difficult. "It's about Kinnick. You're right. It was a frame-up, and I did it. But I was crazy with jealousy because I could see that Edith liked you better than she did me. And when Kinnick came to me that night, I just grabbed at the chance to get you out of the running. I knew you'd defended him, and I knew you never thought he was guilty of the embezzling. So I sent him to you because I knew you could never turn down a plea from a man you thought innocent."

"And Michael, when it worked, and after the indictment against you had been issued, I knew it was the unhappiest day of my life. I want you to know I'm deeply sorry, and if there's anything I can do to make up for it—"

"I'll remember that," Michael said.

Out on the street, Michael's shoulders were squarer.

As he walked away from the building he saw a familiar figure approaching. He stood squarely in her path.

She looked up, annoyed at the interference. "Why Michael!" It was Edith Browning, and Michael realized at once that she was on her way to Ed Reardon's office. "Of all people! What are you doing here?"

"I've come back to stay."

"I'm so glad."

"I am, too," Michael said simply.

"You must come and see me."

"I'd like to very much, Edith."

"Tomorrow night? I'd like to stand here and talk a while, but I'm in a dreadful hurry right now. Let's save it all until tomorrow night."

"All right. I'll come to your house about eight."

"Bye till then."

She had not changed. That serene beauty was still hers—still completely and inescapably hers, and thinking about her, Michael smiled quietly there on the street. He felt young again, and reckless.

Edith was alone when he arrived the next night. She gave him her hand. Michael's heart beat a little faster. "Sit down, Michael," she said. "You haven't changed," he told her.

She had on a dark blue dress that draped softly as she moved. The neck was cut in a deep V, revealing a skin

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like a flower. She looked at him. "You have."

"How could I help it?" Michael wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her, but something held him back. Was it because his desire lacked real strength?

"You seem so much older, Michael." Edith was restless.

Michael knew they were simply saying polite things, but he didn't know how to stop it. With Carol he had never had that trouble. Always they had been able to say what they felt. Then he began to think of Carol that last day. How her lips had been soft under his.

"Would you like to hear some music?" Edith was saying.

"That would be very nice."

FOR a long time they kept up the inconsequentialities, then Michael got up to leave. Edith came close to him. "Did Ed tell you we were going to be married soon?" she said.

"No, he didn't, but I'm very glad to hear it. You know you have my best wishes."

Edith came still closer, and Michael bent and kissed her quickly on the mouth. Edith smiled. Michael wished her all the best, and then he left. He felt an immense relief. He knew now that all the years he had kept her enshrined in his heart had been wasted time. He could breathe deeply now, fully. There was no longer any reason for not thinking of Carol.

But then his racing thoughts faltered. It wasn't that easy. He hadn't come back to Riverfield only to see Edith, although that had been part of it—a big part. He had come to fight and conquer the doubt and resentment he felt all around him—to prove to Riverfield and everyone in it that the old business of Kinnick and the indictment hadn't turned him into a wanderer.

He could think of Carol, but he couldn't claim her. Not until he had a home and a position in Riverfield.

The next day he started on the hunt for a job. This time he wouldn't compromise; always before he had taken the first job that came along, and never mind what it was. But in Riverfield it had to be a job in a lawyer's office. Nothing else would do—noth-

ing else was good enough for him to lay at Carol's feet.

But it was hard. As one man told him, "You see, Mr. West, a lawyer must be above reproach. That old matter of the indictment is nothing. I attach no importance to it, since you have been thoroughly cleared. I believe your friend Ed Reardon saw to that. But there is the matter of your habits for the past five years. To say the least, you've been—footloose. Clients don't like that in a lawyer. They want to feel he is a stable man, more stable than themselves."

For days Michael tramped the streets. He had called on every lawyer in town at least once, without success. For a while his spirit was high, but no man can remain an optimist in the face of repeated discouragement, and finally he was willing to admit what so many had told him, that it was impossible just now to locate with a law firm in Riverfield. Impossible for him, at any rate.

Then the letter from Carol came, just when he was at the lowest ebb of discouragement. He had written her only the briefest of notes, for although he had tried to frame a letter telling her what she must want most of all to know—that he loved her—it had been no use. It was impossible to say that until he could also ask her to come to him.

The letter began, "Darling—I know it's brazen of me to write before you've answered my last letter, but if you won't answer because of your silly pride, I must. How are you? Do you keep your feet dry?"

There was more light-hearted chatter that made Michael smile, then—

"But remember, Michael, if no one else thinks you can do it, I still know you can."

He sat on the side of the bed for a long time. He was as close to tears as he had been for a long time.

Another day, and another. He would find one man, he told himself, who was a little less positive in his refusal than the others. He would hound that man until a job came forth. But he could not find such a man.

He came home to his small cheap room early one evening after a dinner of soup and meat-loaf and overdone vegetables. He was desperately

tired and didn't even look around the dingy lobby on his way upstairs. A man moved to stand in his way and he looked up, startled—into his brother's face.

"Ray!"

He was surprised, but hardly pleased. He had made no further effort to see Ray since that first coldly-received telephone call. But now Ray was smiling.

He linked his arm through Michael's and said, "Let me come up to your room, Mike? I want to talk."

Mike. Michael felt a sudden lump in his throat. No one but Ray had ever called him that; the harsh, rather ugly monosyllable carried him back to the days when they were both boys, when Ray, the older, had been everything that was wonderful and perfect in Michael's adoring eyes.

Awkwardly, he said, "Sure, come on up."

In the room, Ray sat down on the edge of the bed. For a moment he seemed uncertain, at a loss for words; then he said bluntly:

"Mike, I'm a good deal ashamed of myself. You've made me ashamed of myself. When you first came to town I thought you'd drifted back and would drift on again as soon as—well, yes, might as well admit it—soon as you'd touched me for some money. So I cold-shouldered you. I—didn't act much like a brother."

Michael swallowed. A warm wave of gladness swept over him. But all he could say was, "That's all right."

His brother's lined face wore a rueful smile. "It's not all right, but it's good of you to say so. Anyway, I'm sorry." Tentatively, he held out his hand, and Michael took it.

They laughed, with the embarrassment of men faced by emotion, and Ray said briskly, relievedly, "Well—that's over. You haven't drifted on again, and I'm proud of the way you've stuck, trying to get a job."

"Trying is right," Michael said.

"Yes, I know. Don't be too hard on 'em, Mike. It takes time to convince people you mean to stay. But that's what I came to tell you. A friend of mine—a lawyer in Eastwood—wants to open up a practice here and he'll need a good man to keep the office going. I don't see any reason why you can't have the job. Arthur asked me to recommend someone . . ."

When Ray had gone Michael felt exultation bursting within him. He wanted to shout, to laugh, to run. But most of all he wanted to write a letter to Carol. He dragged out paper and pen—sat down at the rickety table—

And then, like an answer to his desires, there was a swift knock at the door, and Carol stood there.

Without a word, she was in his arms—responsive there, love incarnate. After a moment, she whispered, "I drove all day to get here. Somehow, I knew you wanted me. I don't know why. But I was sure."

"Wanted you!—" He held her closer. "Tomorrow we'll be married."

Tomorrow was a beautiful word, he thought. For there would be many tomorrows. Carol's faith had stiffened him and made him strong. Now he knew it. There would be tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, and in each tomorrow Carol would be with him, in his arms, in his thoughts.

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- 1 jar Signet Bartlett Pears
- 1 pkg. orange or strawberry flavored gelatine
- 3 or 4 vanilla wafers

Drain juice from jar of Signet Bartlett Pears. Add water to make 2 cups liquid. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat; add gelatine. Dissolve. Pour layer of jelly into shallow baking pan or individual molds. Chill slightly. Place pears in jelly, hollow centers up. Chill until firm. Fill hollows of pears with vanilla wafers, crumbled. Chill remaining gelatine until thickened. Pour into mold (carefully). Chill until set. Garnish with mint or other greens for individual molds. Cut portions from large mold and serve on lettuce or with whipped cream. Serves 6.

FROZEN CHEESE AND FRUIT SALAD

for a very special occasion

- 1 jar Signet Fruit Salad
- 1 pkg. cream cheese (3 oz.)
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk, whipped (or whipping cream, if preferred)
- 1 tablespoon gelatine (unflavored)

Drain juice from Signet Fruit Salad. Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup of fruit juice. Heat gently over low flame until gelatine is dissolved. Cool. Add cheese, mayonnaise, lemon juice. Mix. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Whip evaporated milk or whipping cream until quite stiff and add to mixture. Add 1 cup of fruit from Signet Fruit Salad. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Turn mold onto serving platter. Garnish with greens. Fill center with the remaining fruit. Serves 7 to 8.



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